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GERMANY, ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

When the whole of one nation is represented as hating the whole of another nation it is well to suspect that the statement is false, or else that there has been a vast amount of falsehood employed in achieving this result. To one who likes to believe that the world is growing better as the masses of people become more educated, there are few phenomena more perplexing, not to say depressing, than to note within the last generation a growth of such bitterness between nations as at any moment may produce war. The newspapers, to whom we look for faithful reports on passing events, find it apparently more easy to stimulate suspicion, jealousy and dislike, than to educate their readers and correct prejudice. Our politicians, on both sides of the Atlantic, are inclined to treat the Press with dangerous deference. No doubt many newspapers are leaders and educators of public opinion—the few organs of the thinking minority. But those who know their subject are equally aware that in the great majority of cases the newspaper is established and managed with no more regard for moral sentiment than a soap factory or a steamship company. The soap man, no doubt, rejoices in the purifying influences of his produce; and the shipping man delights in spreading his national flag in distant seas, but neither are em-

barked on their venture with aims more definite or exalted than dividing handsomely among the shareholders.

Is it not curious that while that peculiar form of patriotism known as Jingoism is essentially a product of the Press, the newspapers of Berlin, New York and London are shared, owned and managed mainly by people of an alien race, whose private point of view is that of the cash-box, and who inflame popular passion in print with as little concern for consequences as the postman who brings a death message.

Early this spring, while making a walking trip through Germany, it was not my fortune to meet with any discourtesy such as should have happened, according to the Press. From my experience of the individual German, he is courteous to the individual stranger, unless that stranger takes the first step towards a quarrel. In these times it was my concern to learn German thoughts—not to ventilate my own—and on the all-absorbing subject of the Boer war I found no reticence. Amongst all classes, and in pretty much every part of Germany, the same feeling prevails towards England, and that feeling is one which would make a war at any moment, if not popular, at least possible.

On all sides I found but one view in regard to the Boer war—that England

was totally in the wrong, and the Boers as completely in the right. Few of my acquaintances have written more than I have on the virtues of the Boers in general, and I have not minced my words when referring to that illegal and ill-timed expedition of Dr. Jameson in 1896.

But when I heard my German friends talk on the subject, I stood amazed at the statements they made, and I begged to know where they had picked up their alleged information. The answer was always the same—from the papers. To the German of to-day Paul Kruger is another William Tell—a martyr in the holy cause of Liberty; the British are the tyrants, who, for the mere love of gold, are seeking to trample a noble people from the face of the earth.

When I protest to these indignant friends that England gives the Boers in Natal and at the Cape more liberty than Paul Kruger gives to his fellow-Boers from other parts of South Africa, they look at me incredulously. They have been taught otherwise, and besides I am disturbing a deep-rooted prejudice which harmonizes with several other preconceptions regarding Great Britain. For instance, it is a pet idea with most Germans that in some ethnological manner the Transvaal may become the nucleus of a Teutonic state which in time may be absorbed by a combination of German East and West Africa. The Boer talks a *patois* not far removed from Mecklenburg Platt Deutsch, and when Paul Kruger first met Bismarck they are said to have conversed in that jargon. I doubt whether they ever got beyond beer and tobacco with their combination, but for political purposes the interview was important; for ever since, German colonial theorists have hugged the delusion that because Kruger hates England, therefore Boers in general welcome a coalition with the Black Eagle. The Boers have done little to

encourage this view, excepting to make use of Germans, to the same extent as they have of Irishmen, or any other people who would accept money and shoulder a rifle.

When the Emperor despatched his message of sympathy with Kruger in January of 1896, there was much surprise and some anger felt in Liberal German circles that so important a state document should have left Germany without the countersign of the constitutional adviser of the Crown, Prince Hohenlohe. It was felt that the Imperial Constitution became little more than a piece of waste paper, if messages meaning peace or war could emanate at the caprice of the Crown, and become precedents for future sovereigns less gifted in statecraft than the present Emperor. On the day of that famous despatch I happened to be in Berlin at the same table with two members of the Cabinet, and I ventured to ask their opinion on this message. Both together raised their eyes and hands to heaven, and almost in the same breath ejaculated, sorrowfully: "But how could he do such a thing!" That was the private opinion of competent Germans then. Yet in public, the official papers led the way in discovering that the message to Kruger was eminently wise, and the unconstitutional phase of it was quite lost sight of in the general belief that henceforth the Boers would regard Germany as their only friend, and would show their gratitude by assisting in hoisting the German flag in neighboring territory.

All this sounds ridiculous enough now, but there is nothing more dangerous to the peace of the world than the colonial conclusions of profoundly learned professors who travel over the African map with a pair of compasses and a column of statistics.

Another widely accepted notion in Germany is that India is groaning un-

der the British yoke, and that the fam-ines in that great country are in some way the product of British cruelty. Now, as a matter of fact, no nation in the history of the world has ever shown towards inferior races so much magnanimity—I might say maudlin sentimentality—as England. An American blushes when he reflects how far behind England lags Puritan Uncle Sam, for even Canada manages her natives better than does the United States. No dispassionate traveller has returned from India without a tribute of grateful acknowledgment for what British statesmanship has done to elevate India morally as well as materially.

Yet I read the German papers in vain to discover a generous word on this subject. Not long ago, the chief comic paper of Germany, which corresponds to the *London Punch*, represented the Queen of England, gorged with champagne and rich food, looking contemptuously upon some starving Indian subjects, and the text informed the reader that this was British rule for India. We smile, because we know it is caricature. The German who has not travelled, sees in this picture a grim reality—nor does he reflect that this gross insult is directed against the mother of their late Empress, the grandmother of William II; a lady of whom anything might be uttered rather than that she was lacking in womanly sympathy for those in distress.

The Germans whom I have met in distant parts of the world hold their own with the best, as progressive, enlightened, broad-minded colonists or citizens. Throughout the United States Germans are welcomed to citizenship, for they develop in that climate a commercial energy coupled with civic qualities which awaken the respect of everyone. The Yankee shares all he has ungrudgingly with those who come to him seeking work. In Hong Kong I found German merchants in the di-

rectorate of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank; at Cape Town I found a German President of the Chamber of Commerce. Germans, English and Americans mingle freely and smoothly in social organizations the whole world over—that is to say, everywhere outside of Germany. In the different ports of the Far East, I met many Germans who spoke with pride of Klao Chow as a monument to their country's military glory, but I could find few, if any, who desired to colonize there. They preferred Hong Kong liberty to Klao Chow glory. On the occasion of my visit I found 1,500 Germans in Government uniform as against five civilians,—that in itself was enough to kill the enthusiasm of the most ardent colonist.

In German East Africa, to say nothing of West Africa, the colonization is much the same. Those countries are apparently run in the interests of officials, and colonists must come cap in hand for the privilege of adding to the national wealth. After the Jameson Raid some Boers trekked into German West Africa, but soon returned discouraged by the attitude of the Imperial officials. Though I heard this on the spot at the time, I was inclined to doubt the fact until quite recently, when it was made public by a former Governor of West Africa, Major von François, who argued that the Boers were undesirable as colonists, because they insisted upon using their own language, and consequently might some day suppress the little German now talked there. When I last analyzed statistics on this subject there was exactly one German to every thousand miles of colonial territory. To-day I imagine that there are even fewer Germans to the square mile.

Now, let us ask ourselves whence has sprung this change of feeling towards England. We know that for more than a century England has been the refuge

of oppressed Germans; and that in later times Germans by the thousands have found a home and a good living amongst Englishmen. When Prussia rose in arms against Napoleon in 1813 many of her volunteers marched to Leipzig in British uniforms, armed with British muskets, and supported by British contributions. The venerable Emperor William took refuge in London from the mob which threatened him in Berlin in 1848, and we have yet to learn of any time when Germans in England were ever molested. Whence then this sudden burst of anger—this violent sympathy for the enemy? Germans tell me that they take sides with the Boers because they are weaker. But the wrong side is frequently the weaker!

In 1864 Prussia absorbed a weaker body of people on her Danish frontier, and to-day those people are persecuted because they insist on cultivating the speech their mothers taught them. They are weaker than the Boers, and vastly more clean in personal appearance. But I hear no great outcry on their behalf,—at least not in Berlin. There are many French on the Western frontier of Germany who regard themselves as oppressed because they are not allowed to learn their native tongue in the common schools. Many of these French were incorporated after the war of 1870, some were annexed in 1814, and they remain French to this day. Are they not weak enough to enlist German sympathy? Contrast this with England's behavior towards the French in Canada. And what can we say of the large body of Poles who plead in vain for the right to remain true to their national ideals? They are weak and dismembered, yet keep alive at the hearthstone the feelings of patriotic aspiration which the Prussian police prevent them from manifesting in public. Some of my German friends answer me much as some English

do in regard to incorporating the Transvaal: "It's good for them; we Germans improve the Frenchman, the Dane and the Pole by compelling him to become German; we raise him to a higher level."

Let us pass on, then, to another view of the case.

In Russia is a small nation of Finns, a clean, well-educated, enterprising, thrifty, Protestant people. To this nation Russia promised local self-government, on condition that it came under Russia's suzerainty. That was in 1808. Loyally have the Finns kept their word. Never has a rebellious movement started there. Finns have manned the Imperial Navy; indeed, there are few ports in the world that do not know him as the best of sailors. Has any Finn ever suggested that they build forts or make armaments against Russia. Has any Finn suggested measures that would nullify the compact made in 1808? Yet the present Czar, in a whim, orders Finland to surrender her self-government, and to submit to the degradation of being ruled like the ninety-nine million serfs making up the multiplied misery of that vast flat of sad, gray monotone, ironically called Holy Russia. Is not Finland weak enough to excite the generous wrath of the whole German people? Does the German Government talk of interference? To be sure, a few leaders, like Dr. Barth and Professor Delbrück raised their voices, but there the matter ended. Yet Finland is on the Baltic, much nearer to Berlin than Pretoria.

Or must we take a case even more flagrant? There is a strip of territory between St. Petersburg and Prussia, called the Baltic Provinces. This was first explored, conquered and settled by Germans. The people of this country are Protestants; they had excellent German schools and a University at Dorpat, which ranked with Heidelberg

and Bonn as a nursery of German science. About ten years ago the late Russian Czar determined to Russify this German land; that is to say, to force the people to talk in Russian, and say their prayers according to the Greek forms. Russian soldiers took charge of Dorpat University, German Professors were driven away, and Greek Priests commenced an active proselytizing crusade, suggesting Spanish methods in the days of Pizarro and Cortez. Soon after William II came to the throne (1888) the persecution of Germans by Russians was at its height. It has gone on ever since. The wildest English Jingo has not dreamed of treating Transvaal Boers as the Russian Government treated, and continues to treat, the Germans within her dominions. Then was the time for Germany to have shown that zeal for the weaker side which now shines so luridly in favor of the Boers. That was a splendid opportunity—especially as Russia was then very backward in her military preparations.

In 1884 Bismarck launched Germany upon her career as a colonial power. Carl Peters and Wissman and other enterprising explorers soon made all the preliminary treaties with black potentates, and English good nature did the rest. Bismarck subsequently pretended that he never believed in Colonies anyway, and was pushed into it by the clamor of those who did. This is the first instance of Bismarck ever having pleaded popular clamor as the reason for his action. However, Germany found herself suddenly the mistress of a million square miles of very hot and moist land, scattered in many undesirable portions of the globe, while at home she developed at the same time a large number of so-called "Colonial Societies," mostly conducted by people far from the sea, who held learned lectures on the habits of strange savages. The Government organized with

characteristic thoroughness various offices for the administration of these new German subjects and black savages, who, up to that time, had prowled about naked and slept in the tops of cocoanut trees, were suddenly astonished by the policeman from Berlin ordering them to come down and pay an income-tax! Little by little the Colonial Societies of Germany, and even the Government itself, began to realize that the mere running up of German flags, while it looked encouraging on the school maps, did not materially help German trade, or divert many emigrants from the English or American ports.

The present German Emperor was the first to take in the situation, and immediately set about building up a strong navy. With his accession new life entered the Colonial Department of the Empire, and new ambitions animated every German who looked to the sea as the new highway of German expansion. From being the most unpopular of Princes, when he ascended the throne, he soon convinced men of all parties that in him they had a leader, not merely competent to understand the needs of the German at home, but even more keen to defend his movements when seeking markets abroad.

As we know, the German Press is largely official, directly or indirectly—that is to say, under the direct or indirect influence of the Government. There are special officials who busy themselves with providing for the newspapers articles agreeable to the Government. When Government requires a new navy, it is the business of the official press to make the people feel that German interests are threatened by some power having a larger navy. Hence a campaign of press articles directly calculated to make simple Germans believe that England stands in the way of German progress, and

that a big German navy is necessary for the nation's good.

In 1897 a German official was sent to Kiao Chow to report on the harbor works necessary to make the place useful, and on his return he published a book about his journey out and back. Franzius was the name of the author, I think. His whole journey forced his ship to be the guest of England at every coaling station between Naples and Shanghai, yet in the book he has no mention of the service to the world's commerce performed by England. On the contrary, the author dwells upon the advantages which Germans might have if they could avoid British hospitality at Hong Kong and elsewhere. The book is remarkable as being an *official* expression.

Now, no doubt this and similar works have the effect of stimulating in Germany a readiness to spend money for the navy, but at the same time they encourage notions that are false and mischievous. German trade in the Far East has thriven under the protection of the British flag, just as it has waxed strong under the Stars and Stripes in America. The tremendous strides of German commercial progress in the last thirty years have been the result of honest and intelligent labor by a people well organized for commercial success. The German receives in his schools, and subsequently in the army, a discipline that tells forcibly when he becomes an industrial competitor for the neutral markets of the world.

The German who knows the world understands the machinery by which public sentiment in Germany is manufactured, but those who stay at home do not, and therefore persist in a point of view from which every move of England or America is regarded as a menace to German prosperity. We Americans saw that with painful distinctness in 1898 when war with Spain was declared. Public opinion in America was

divided over the moral phases of that war, much as in England it has been divided regarding the Transvaal. The German Press, however, as though rehearsed for this purpose, burst out with one voice in unexpected attacks upon America and the Americans. From day to day the papers of Berlin proved to their own satisfaction that America would be quickly defeated by the brave Spaniards, who were represented as maintaining the cause of justice against Yankee cupidity. German papers were full of letters from alleged correspondents at the seat of war. At Tampa, however, where the American army of invasion gathered, I failed to discover a single German war correspondent, yet during all that time the German public read daily bulletins, pretending to be first-hand reports from special correspondents. The Government organs of Berlin led the way in this general depreciation of everything American, and as these articles were reproduced in America they caused surprise and pain amongst former friends of Germany. The average American could not understand what motive Germans in general could have for discussing American affairs in a hostile manner. He could understand Germans disapproving of the war, but he could not see why Americans in general should become an object of attack by Government journals.

Then came news that a German Admiral, in the waters of Manila, was not merely showing active sympathy with the public enemy of the United States, but was hampering our work in other ways. Fortunately Admiral Dewey combined sailor tact with sailor courage, and Admiral Diedrichs corrected his behavior when it was made clear to him that he might draw his country into war sooner than had been anticipated in Berlin.

But the mischief had been done. It is well for German official organs now

to tell us that Admiral Diedrichs exceeded his instructions and that Germany preserved strict neutrality throughout. That may be accepted in the Foreign Office, but it does not carry conviction with the people. Two trifles have profoundly modified the relations of Germany with the Anglo-Saxon world. The one was the despatch to Kruger in 1896, the second was the activity of Admiral Diedrichs in 1898. Each of these episodes has been officially explained away as wholly innocent, if not benevolent, in origin, but the great body of the people has not yet fully realized that the explanation is adequate. Whatever our views may be, the mischief has been done, partly by the Government, and partly by the Press of Germany.

And yet from the German point of view we are sinners also—heavy sinners. The Anglo-Saxon in Germany has not made himself personally agreeable to the casual man he meets. The German raises his hat when he enters a shop. The Anglo-Saxon is a Boer in this respect. He cocks his hat on the back of his head, rams his hands into his pockets, whistles and stares about the streets as though he owned the place. He laughs at everything that does not meet his approval, and gets angry if the waiter does not bring him just what he has been accustomed to in his native land. The German who has travelled and known the Yankee and Briton at home knows how to make allowance for our habitual absence of good manners. But the average German listens incredulously when told that the Briton makes up by honesty and other manly virtues for what he lacks in the way of deportment. Not many years ago I was present at some grand field operations of the German Emperor when a Royal Prince of England was present with four aides-de-camp. Not one of these aides could speak any German, and not one of them apparently knew

the etiquette usual on such occasions. Consequently German officers felt aggrieved by the behavior of this party, and many expressed to me the opinion that these young Englishmen meant to be insulting to Germany.

As to Americans, Germans expect nothing any way. From America they receive usually the genus *Deutsch-Amerikaner*, which is three parts Hebrew, three parts German, and the remainder a little of all sorts—a thing which talks very bad German, worse English, and usually wears an American flag in his button-hole. His name suggests German plants and minerals. The United States not having permanent officials, the men who are sent to represent Uncle Sam in Germany are usually those who have devious reasons for desiring the post. The salaries are contemptibly small, yet the post of Consul to Germany is usually sought by such as are connected with the import trade of the United States. About three-quarters of the United States Consuls in Germany are German-American Hebrews, and these do not always succeed in raising the estimate entertained in Germany for the American citizen in general or the American official in particular. There are plenty of Germans who know the truth about England and America, and are shocked at gross mis-statements circulated about us through official organs. But their voices are drowned in a chorus of anti-English and anti-American sentiment, which accepts pretty much all that is bad, and raises question marks against any statement in favor of such a thing as an Anglo-Saxon conscience.

To be sure that conscience has had a rather straining time of late, and no member of the German Press has protested against the two last wars more violently than certain courageous political leaders in Boston and New York as well as in London and Manchester. The Spanish war had scant justification

in public law, and I am persuaded that the American Government was hounded into it by a clamorous Press agitation joined with large pecuniary interests. But while that is true; it is not the whole truth; and German public opinion appears to have absorbed only this much of it, and been kept in ignorance of forces even mightier than *yellow journals* and financial "trusts." There was behind this war party in America a great moral force which was shocked by the persistent misrule in Cuba, and of this no better evidence need be furnished than that 250,000 men should have volunteered for active service without the necessity arising for any exceptional inducements on the part of the Government.

Far be it from me to defend the conduct of that war; it was characterized by incapacity, jobbery and cynical disregard for human life. The Secretary of War was compelled to resign in disgrace, though he left behind him half a dozen officials equally unworthy of public confidence. The officers trained to honesty and military leadership at West Point were almost uniformly ignored in favor of amateur soldiers with political connections, and, in short, I have not yet met an honest American who does not regard the Cuban war as disgraceful to pretty much all concerned, excepting the men who shouldered the rifle and the West Point regulars who bore the brunt of the work, got no promotion, and are now forgotten.

America holds Cuba, and the Philippines as well—contrary to the official program issued at the beginning of the war. There was a time when Uncle Sam would gladly have handed back Manila to any one who cared to accept it; but that disposition was altered when the evidence came that Germany had behaved in a manner which would have robbed this action of all magnanimity. On my way to the Philippines, before

the fall of Manila, I travelled in company with two German Consuls bound for the Far East. Each of them assured me, with heavy thumps on the cabin table, that the idea of America holding the Philippines was absurd, that Germany would not allow it. And to-day I find regrets expressed in German official papers that the German war ships in the East were not strong enough in 1898 to enforce this view. This very attitude of Germany made unanimous in America a public sentiment, which, up to that time, had been much divided on the subject of expansion, particularly in the Far East.

Germans who readily see that the Pole and the Dane and the Frenchman are improved by absorption into the Empire of the Fatherland, do not readily put themselves in the place of the American who believes that Cuba and the Philippines will be better for a period under the Stars and Stripes; on the contrary, his official papers regard it as something presumptuous, that should be resented.

As for the Boer war, England is fighting for the integrity of the British Empire, for the same sort of ideals that animate Germans who justify the successive military movements by which the Prussia of 1807 with 5,000,000 inhabitants has become the German Empire of 50 millions. I will not here enter into legal and technical justification of this war; it is as misty to me as that which preceded the war with Spain, or which preceded the Prussian occupation of Schleswig-Holstein. From the point of view of men who hold a vote and not a brief, the war in South Africa is now a necessity. We deplore it sincerely, we honor the courage and motives of the great majority of the Boers we have met; we honor them as we now honor the memory of Stonewall Jackson, or Robert E. Lee, or Jefferson Davis. Grave political errors have been committed, and the followers of Paul

Kruger are not without reason for suspicions. It is a melancholy picture for this generation of lads to hear that Jameson and Rhodes have been popular heroes for acts which ordinarily send men to long terms of hard labor in prison. It is not cheering to find that when thousands of brave English volunteers have been killed in the trenches the first people to profit by victory are a group of financiers, largely Jew and German by the way, who own Johannesburg, and who watch their mining shares rising in London while soldiers in the field are falling never to rise again. The Press does not say much about this side of the war, because the great papers of New York and London are under financial influence; but it is a fact which all Europe comments on, and which leads Germans to think that the British Army, as well as the Colonial Office, is moved by other than moral considerations.

The German has difficulty in piercing this web of hypocrisy, of brutal jingoism and cynical financial reasoning. But if he does, he finds beneath a warm national sentiment which has drawn to the battle-field youngsters from every county and every colony in defence of an ideal—the unity of an

Empire. Germans misjudge us because at this moment they are not inclined to credit us with the same motives they claim for themselves. We ask our German friends to believe that we do not wage war merely because some money speculators and filibusters are interested. We are ashamed of such elements in our national life, and we beg Germans to believe that on both sides of the Atlantic are honest public-spirited men seeking to do good rather than evil. And furthermore we beg Germans to remember that wherever the Union Jack waves, there German commerce enters on the same footing as that of England, and that the German in Hong Kong is treated more liberally than the Englishman in Kiao Chow. England has been the policeman of the Far East for now more than fifty years, and what commerce Germany and the rest of the world enjoy in those waters is owing to British administration, honesty, enterprise and money. The English flag has carried civil liberty to every colony over which it has waved, and Germany has no reason to think that England in South Africa will depart from the traditions established in Australia and Canada, in Hong Kong and Singapore.

The Contemporary Review.

Poultney Bigelow.

AFTER HEINE.

The stars look down from heaven above
When human hearts are breaking,
And mock the foolishness of love
That sets poor mortals aching.

This love, they say, this fatal bane,
To us it cometh never,
And thus do we alone maintain
Our deathless course forever.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE VOGUE OF THE GARDEN BOOK.

There is a species of literature which has lately attracted serious attention amongst us, and must, therefore, be reckoned with as one of the instructive or entertaining forces of the day. It is not a new thing—it has existed for a couple of hundred years or more—but in its present shape it is new, and in a larger degree than formerly it is attractive to the reader. The garden book of a century and more than a century ago was emphatically a book on gardening; it was crammed with cultural instructions; it abounded in technical details. The garden book of this present century was also, until lately, entirely instructive; it cared not to amuse; its aim was gardening and nothing more. In the eighties there were indications of an approaching change in the purpose of garden literature, and the last half-dozen years have seen this change stereotyped into its present features—less instructive, perhaps, but certainly more entertaining than the old. There can be no doubt about the demand for this latest form of floricultural work, and we may tremble at the thought that this demand will probably bring upon us within the next few years a perfect avalanche of garden diaries, written to supply the public craving, which appears to express itself very plainly in its appreciation and encouragement of the new fiction, as it may fairly and truthfully be termed.

I think that to Mr. Alfred Austin belongs the onus of first successfully sending forth this style of literature in the guise of a gardening work. There were other writers immediately preceding him who were influencing the change, but he, I think, was the first who frankly and determinedly and successfully altered the scope of the garden book. He used his garden as a

place in which to talk with his friends, and it is a record of these conversations which he mainly gives us in his prose writings. Mrs. Earle followed him quickly with the same departure from old traditions, but with a different object, or, at any rate, a different result. From her we chiefly learn the art of cookery, as from Mr. Austin we learn—or should attempt to learn—the art of conversation. And so the thing has gone on for half a dozen years. Some writers choose birds for a main subject; some choose friends, or Men of Wrath; some, books; and all under titles which lead the public to suppose that it is buying a gardening book—gardening books being a craze of the moment—when it is simply buying a diary written in or suggested by a garden.

In so far as the object nowadays is to amuse rather than to instruct, there is no harm in the change. There is plenty of room for this as well as for the orthodox horticultural volume which will never be really superseded. But the mischief will come when the ordinary Miss, in a fervid desire to contribute to the world's enjoyment, flies to a garden and writes within its prescriptive recesses her *journal intime* for publication's sake—a diary which will represent her gentle, simple soul, with its aimless efforts at floriculture, and its pretty, unnecessary thoughts on men and books and things, which we shall feel that we have somewhere heard before, or even read before. This is assuredly the kind of book we shall get, and it is essentially the kind that this sort of work should not be allowed to fall into, if it is to have any permanent value.

We should begin by a clear understanding of what form the garden book

should take, if it is likely, as at present it seems to promise, to have an abiding place on our library shelves.

Of course the garden book must not be merely utilitarian, for of this kind we have works that cannot be superseded, such as Mr. William Robinson's invaluable "English Flower Garden" and "Hardy Flowers." These, and others like them, are written by experts, and the mere *dilettante* cannot hope to rival them in instructive quality. Nor should these books, while claiming to be garden books, deal almost solely with matters apart from gardens. On the contrary, they must treat first of flowers, both from a practical and from an æsthetic point of view, and, that provision secured, the writer may then wander afield to things less vital, such as his taste or studies may suggest. Some rule or other must be laid down, and more or less adhered to, if this kind of literature is not to fall into contempt; and I think that, broadly speaking, such a line as the following may be suggested.

The ideal garden book should contain the experience of the writer as a specialist in his own subject of gardening, in combination with the thoughts or the words or the views of persons who are specialists in other matters, such as poetry, or ethics, or metaphysics. We do not want a gardening dictionary from the amateur, because we can get it in more trustworthy shape from the expert; we do not want mere gentle thoughts on nature, or other deep subjects, whether of earth or heaven, because we know where to turn for our reading on these subjects, as delivered by persons who have given their lives to the study of them. If we want this sort of book at all, we want, as I have said, the simple empirical experience of the amateur gardener combined with the best he (or more usually she) can give us of the ideas of the great whom

already we love and can trust. Unluckily, some of these books tend in exactly the contrary direction; their facts are disputable, and their voices are mere echoes.

The garden book may be poetical, but it must not be written by a poet, or, at any rate, it must not be written by an articulate poet. The poetic feeling is almost essential, but it must express itself in words of others than the compiler. Of course, the imagination can picture an ideal garden book, written by a poet who might happen to be possessed of sufficient knowledge of horticulture to make his book valuable in the double way. It tends to sadness to reflect on the loss we have had in that such work was never given us, for instance, by Tennyson, and we might even gladly have dispensed with some utilitarian value out of gratitude for other features of charm which undoubtedly we should have secured. But, falling such a book by a great and original poet, we are forced to fall back upon a more modest desire for the second best; and the second best I conceive to be a book by a competent gardener who is, above all, no versemaker, though a true critic of verse, and who can, therefore, give us choice thoughts and passages from our splendid heritage of literature to lend charm to his volume of practical instruction. I might name half a dozen writers who could admirably perform the task, but hitherto they have not spoken in this way.

Let us examine some of these books which have made the vogue in garden literature, and judge how far they are able to satisfy the demand for such reading at its highest standard. I will choose from among a considerable number, three volumes of unequivocal success, which consequently seem to stand out from their companions on the bookshelf, and of themselves to accentuate the need in man's soul at the present

time for this range of work. As there is no denying their enormous success, we may regard them as satisfactory to the general public, which has bought them in their thousands. A short analysis of each will enable us to judge of their scope and object; and when we have examined these features as closely as is possible, we may then be able to decide whether this sort of book is as valuable from the point of view of entertainment or instruction as it might be, or whether the type is capable of improvement.

If the requisites for a garden book are indeed those I have indicated, we must not expect the ideal book from Mr. Alfred Austin, for has he not his bench with the poets? His disabilities, if thus they may be regarded, come, of course, paradoxically enough from his greater gifts. The ideal garden chronicler should be only appreciative of poetry, whereas Mr. Alfred Austin, as we who read our Times (even if not in the habit of perusing volumes of verse) know well, is indeed articulate. He gives us poems to fit our many Imperial moods, and we have the full enjoyment at first hand of the inspiring afflatus, because we are assured that we receive them just as they come to him. The mere man evidently does not venture to correct, to add to, or to take from the God-given beauties sent to the poet's pen.

In "The Garden that I Love" we get a considerable amount of Mr. Austin's verse. We do not know exactly how much, for both he and Shakespeare are alike without inverted commas. This is a great pity. The original verse might have stood unsupported, but surely Shakespeare and other similar writers should have been propped by quotation marks. How else can we distinguish between them and him? The situation even disarms criticism, for how could the mere reviewer venture to take exception to a passage for

which Milton might turn out to be responsible? Even the boldest is bound to hold his breath for a time and to **make good his character as critic over the prose**; and herein is another difficulty. The heaven-sent gift of words has sometimes tiresome limitations. The poet may be inspired in his verse, and not altogether inspired in his prose, which is one of those mysteries that hurt the understanding. How else can be explained such a sentence as this: "I am greatly interested in seeing the result of a new border I have made in the extreme north angle of the garden, and which Veronica has christened Poet's Corner"? This and some similar modes of expression make us fear that the less is not always included in the greater, that the afflatus sent for poetry does not necessarily contain the essentials of prose. Well, it is but a small matter; still, we are justified, I think, in asking as much of perfection as we believe ourselves likely to get.

Four persons inhabit "The Garden that I Love": the writer, who is also the gardener, his sister Veronica, and his friends, the Poet and Lamia. At least we are artfully persuaded that there are four persons; in reality there are only two, Veronica and the gardener-poet rolled with Lamia into one. When these speak seriously—and there is a good deal of serious speaking in the book—you would not know, if you shut your eyes, which of them is addressing you. Lamia, to be sure, has her frivolous moments, when, for a brief space, she makes a possible third; but when she is rhetorical she is one with the gardener and the poet. Veronica, on the other hand, has a separate identity; she is a simple being, and if she has views she keeps them carefully to herself. There is something very lovable about Veronica. She listens patiently for hours to all that the others have to say, and then she goes away and makes tea for them. She

knows how exhausted they must be. They give away so many treasures of thought that they must necessarily be left swept and empty; the need of sustenance is plainly indicated, and Veronica supplies it.

Perhaps, however, the exhaustion is less than it might have been if circumstances had not come to their aid; and herein we see the wisdom of the Pooh-Bah arrangement. The chronicler can give us treasures of verse from the mouth of the poet, pages of floricultural details through the lips of the gardener, and gems of general utility from the irresponsible Lamia. The talents of the three, if displayed in one person, would invite incredulity. We should think it impossible that one small head could carry all the aphorisms and gnomic sayings which the three are anxious to distribute. We should begin to fear cerebral congestion. So, to spare ourselves distress and anxiety, we allow the writer to persuade us that there are, indeed, three heads under the three hats, and thus we breathe again.

The poet sometimes gives vent to an untenable theory, but the gardener and Lamia of course cannot be expected to set him right, and dear little Veronica adores him far too much to do so. He is bold enough to justify in the name of restraint the bald and simple verse which is held by some of our later poets to be one with the true stuff. It is difficult to go with him here. Restraint is, no doubt, an admirable quality, but we cease to admire it when it is compulsory. We cannot esteem the restraint of a gagged man, who refrains from using bad language. Restraint and nothing more, of which we see so much, is a poor thing as a quality of verse, and it is even difficult to see how *l'âme agitée* of a great poet, in its moments of finest frenzy, could be "controlled by the serenity of the mind." Rigorous self-criticism is an

essential, but it would follow, not accompany, the frenzy. A poet must feel much in order to make his readers feel a little; he must weep many tears to ensure that they shall weep a few. When a poet places us in a situation where tears are obviously indicated, I fancy we are warranted in blaming him if they do not come. If we accuse him, not of restraint, but, like the gagged man, of want of power, I think we could justify our opinion. I do not for a moment mean to disparage the poet's admiration of restraint as a necessary and beautiful quality in verse, but merely to contend that most of the restraint that calls itself by that name is of the sort that cannot help itself, and this must be regarded as a defect, and not as a beauty.

But if the poet sometimes rouses in us the spirit of contradiction, the gardener takes his revenge by mystifying us just as we think we are getting on nicely. It is a wonderful garden that he owns, and its orientation is exceedingly difficult to understand. In one place we are told that it slopes from northeast to southwest, and in another that it looks southeast. But even this readjustment of Nature's aspects will not quite account for all the wonders that are in that garden. On the 30th of May the gardener's wood is covered with primroses, and this is not mentioned as an out-of-the-way state of things, but is given as a mere matter of fact. We who have not his gift of extending the seasons to keep our gardens in beauty, have indeed seen primroses on the 30th of May, but we have never had the luck of beholding a wood in the south of England "diapered with them" on that date. We can only hear and sigh for our more limited seasons. On the same day the gardener describes his tulips as having closed their petals for the night. Though it is a little late for Dutch tulips, we might be persuaded to recognize the

same latitude for them as for the primroses, but that the gardener has informed us in a previous chapter that he takes up these bulbs during the third week of May and lays them in by the heels. Of course we then jump to the conclusion that these flowers which have just closed their petals for the night are the English late tulips, until we remember that he has told us that he has never made proper use of these. Here, again, we are mystified. Has he made *any* use of them, and are they the flowers which have just closed their petals for the night, or are the Dutch tulips as kind to him, as I have supposed, in giving him, as the primroses do, an extended season of their beauty? These mysteries in a book which should help us in our gardening ought not so to be. They are too cruel to the merely average floriculturist. They make us feel how small are our powers in comparison with those of the gardener in this book. We cannot find large expanses of bluebells on our property towards the latter end of June; our woods are not diapered as a matter of course with primroses on the 30th of May; we cannot grow woodruff from cuttings. We cannot get half the good results that this gardener gets from his garden, and the consciousness, not only of our inferior powers, but also of Nature's unkindness in giving less lavishly to us than to others, induces feelings of depression and impatience. The gardener-poet tells us that if he were asked which of his works he likes best he would answer "My Garden." We have never seen his garden, and it is obviously impossible for us, therefore, to re-echo his sentiment. But it would be pleasant to see it, and to wander in it, and to admire, even though at the risk of unworthy feelings of envy and the like. Loving care has been lavished without stint upon it, and Nature has met the workers more than half way, and has given them of her best.

The book has little to do with gardening, but is admirable as a description of a successful garden, such as it rarely falls to the ordinary lot to hear of. There are absolutely no failures in it. But the real *raison d'être* of this garden betrays itself on every page of Mr. Alfred Austin's volume. It is intended to be a beautiful background in a beautiful picture—a background for inspired and inspiring thoughts, which demand an outlet there before appearing on the printed page to delight a wider though hardly a more appreciative audience.

A totally different book is Mrs. Earle's "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden." It does not depend for its interest on the conversational qualities of its inhabitants; it is strictly utilitarian. It is, like Mr. Austin's, the record of a gardener who has attained. But it does not, as his does, dazzle us with gems of thought and learning; nor does it, like Elizabeth's volume, which will be considered later, blind us to its faults by artless irresponsibility. It sets out to give practical directions, and practical directions are freely given, but they are cookery, not garden recipes. We are entitled to expect that *pot-pourri* shall consist chiefly of flowers, and it is a distinct grievance that we get so little about them. The author is evidently as careful and successful a housekeeper as she is a gardener, and this is where her weakness comes in. When we want to hear about spring bulbs she is far away in the kitchen framing an indictment against the modern cook. The fury which possesses her on the subject of tinned saucepans would be better directed, the reader cannot help thinking, against wireworm or slugs. She tries conscientiously to do her duty by the reader who is buying a garden book, but her heart is in the store closet or the scullery when we want all her attention elsewhere. She will even take us to the kitchen-garden rather than to the *parterre*, and try to

persuade us that there is the haven where we would be, and in order to detain us there she tries to rouse us to indignation like her own by holding forth on the wickedness of the modern cook. But we are impatient prisoners of her glittering eye; we do not care in the least how the scullery-maid dresses her vegetables, if only the flavor is right when they are brought to the dinner-table. So with a few polite conventionalities we try to lead the way back to the flowers, only to find ourselves again most unexpectedly in the kitchen regions, and forced, whether we will or no, to discuss the neglect of vegetables in the ordinary English household a hundred years ago or more. And here we gather courage of a defiant sort to incite us to disagreement for a moment. Was the neglect of vegetables at that time indeed due to the Protestant influence of the Reformation? Was it not rather owing in the towns to the lack of transport facilities, and in the country districts to the miserably inadequate gardens to which landlords had reduced their cottage holdings? That there was never any neglect of vegetables by those who possessed sufficient garden ground for their cultivation our old herbals and horticultural manuals abundantly testify.

But to return to practical things. The reader is entitled to expect that, as regards the comparatively small number of plants which are mentioned in these garden books, he shall be told the secrets of their culture. But "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden" is disappointing in this respect. For instance, with regard to the propagation and culture of a flower which every one grows, and for the most part grows badly—the rose. It is not sufficient to tell us in March that Lamarck and various others are beautiful climbers for a house. We search through the pages devoted to June and July and find not a single rose mentioned, except the com-

mon Ayrshire. The object of dividing the garden year into its natural monthly sections should be the instructing of the reader little by little as each season brings its work. For instance, in June and July we expect to be told of the beauties of roses, in July and August of their propagation by cuttings, in December of their protection and nourishment by means of their covering from the farmyard. It is not that we expect to be told *how* to do all this routine work, for such details should be sought for in technical books of instruction, but a hint as to *when* it should be done would make the garden book valuable. We might not dream of looking for these serviceable particulars from the pens of Elizabeth or Mr. Alfred Austin; they are too much absorbed in more interesting and personal matters to trouble themselves about such minor details as the instruction of their readers. But Mrs. Earle sets out to be useful, and we feel injured because we find her not quite so useful as we had hoped that she would be.

The meaning and purpose of a garden is in the growing of flowers and vegetables, so far as possible, all the year round. I think we may agree to ignore the vegetables; they, no more than tinned saucepans, are a proper constituent of *pot-pourri*. But there are four months in the year during which we cannot reasonably expect to grow flowers out of doors, so we are forced to build greenhouses to provide for our wants. Mrs. Earle has greenhouses, but she does not tell us how she makes use of them. She leaves us for sixteen weeks practically without a blossom; their place is taken by herbals and hashed mutton. An exception might be pleaded for January, the month which leads the way in her volume. She has promised on the first page that gardening shall be her preponderating subject, and in January we get a list of plants in bloom—in a London draw-

ing-room. They may possibly have been reared in the Surrey greenhouses, but we are not told so, and, if they were, we are not instructed how we may go and do likewise. We do not ask for things difficult; all we want is to know how to have flowers, and what flowers to have all the year round. How many country drawing-rooms does one go into, say in January, to find no more blossom than is represented by a primula and a bowl of the so-called Chinese joss-lily? Mrs. Earle might take the amateur's greenhouse, which can only just manage to keep out the frost in winter, and tell us what we might get from it; when to strike cuttings of pelargoniums for December flowering; when to sow cinerarias; when to pot the various bulbs for succession; how to ensure flowers from the jacobea lily, and a dozen others to cheer us in the dark days. Since she tells us how and when to pot freesias for winter flowering, she would appear to accept a certain amount of responsibility for greenhouse as well as for outdoor flowers; and since she carries her *pot-pourri* through the winter months, she might reasonably be expected to instruct us during that period. We feel inclined to cry out to her with an exceeding bitter cry for the help which she might give us, but refrains from giving.

There is no denying, however, that Mrs. Earle complies, in a way, with both the conditions with which I set out; she lets us have her own practical experience, and she enlivens the technical matter of her book by putting before us the thoughts of other writers in poetical form. But the experience is not first and foremost of the garden, and the thoughts are not of the greatest. The verse she quotes is anything but inspiring. She has chosen, for the most part, to express little minds instead of great ones, or rather, I should say, small poets instead of great poets.

Owen Meredith, and Mrs. Hemans, and Erasmus Darwin, and Emerson, and the Tyneside young clergyman's wife are not satisfying food. We want something larger and better than this.

Nevertheless, for sheer utility, Mrs. Earle's is the best of all these books. When we can persuade her to go with us into her garden we feel that we are in the company of an expert, and when she tells us a cultural detail we listen with respect, as to one who knows well what she is talking about. The intimate society, even if only between the covers of a book, of a person who is a competent authority on any subject whatever is in itself a privilege, and on every page Mrs. Earle convinces us that she is worthy of attention, and we gain pleasure and instruction accordingly. But of subtler charm the book has none, and we put it down with a sigh, and turn to "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

Elizabeth is original or nothing. Whereas most of these books have some sort of plea put forward for their existence, such as gardening, housekeeping, or the like, Elizabeth's book frankly concerns Elizabeth. Her garden, though it appears on the title-page, and on many another page of her volume, is obviously incidental, and even the Man of Wrath partakes of this nature as well as the April, May and June babies. One realizes that, although Elizabeth may be rather fond of them, she could very well reconcile herself to life without them. She is profoundly interesting to herself as well as—let me frankly confess it—to the reader. It is the book of Elizabeth which we have to consider, with a German garden and a few necessary impedimenta thrown in. We may dismiss her gardening experiences in a very few words. In common with most books of this kind there is little to be learnt from it of a floricultural nature. To be sure we hear much of sweet rockets, sweet

peas, roses bought by the hundred, lilies, hollyhocks, pansies and various other subjects. But never a word does she tell us of their culture. For aught that we can learn from her we might, on buying large quantities, as she does, treat all these things alike, and suffer accordingly. Elizabeth would never check us in our foolishness. Is it, dear Elizabeth, because you cannot? Is it that, in your desire to make us happy by writing a garden book, you took no heed to the fact that you were utterly ignorant of gardening? But even if this is so we may be persuaded to forgive you. You have made amends for your deception by making your readers happy. We will let the garden slip into its proper place and regard it as a *parterre* blessed by your presence, and we will hasten to discuss in its stead the absorbing topic of the person, Elizabeth.

It has been noticeable that more than one reviewer of recent novels has welcomed in them the revival of a delightful character who had long been thought extinct—the Minx. She disappeared suddenly from among us just about the time that the *Tendenz-Roman* came into vogue; there was not room enough in our fiction for both types of heroine. But she was not extinct. She had merely gone into retirement for a while, to re-emerge brilliantly from the recesses of a far-away German garden. And the absolute certainty that there are April, May and June minxes being brought up to follow in her chartered footsteps, relieves us from the haunting fear that we may lose the type again. A joy has come back to the world in the person of that archetype of minxes, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's vivid and delightful style of writing makes us willing to overlook the fact that she is not quite familiar with some of the commonest rules of composition for the English language. But I do not intend to convey the idea

that her ignorance arises through the use of a tongue foreign to her. She is English to the backbone, despite her occasional artless attempts to persuade us otherwise. She is amusing in describing her adopted compatriots, and enjoys many a laugh at their expense. She is certain that Dr. Grill must be a German rose, because the more attention you give him the ruder he is to you, or, in other words, the less will he repay your kindness by expansion. But there are very few things and fewer persons for whom Elizabeth has a word of praise. The only friend whom she can endure near her is one who is clever enough to flatter her about her garden. To the others she is inwardly cold and critical, with a charming affectation of pleasantness which could not deceive a baby. She dislikes Minora most of all, and is only well disposed to her visitor when she notices her thick wrists. The real fact is that Minora has a beautiful nose, and, although Elizabeth would rather die with torture than own herself jealous, it is obvious to the meanest capacity that this is what ails her. The admirable Miss Jones, also, whose perfect propriety of demeanor is assumed through a rigid sense of duty, rouses all her wrath. But what was there, in the name of justice, to complain of in Miss Jones? That she had small respect for her employer should not in itself have formed a legitimate grievance, since not even a nursery governess can control her inward feelings, and Elizabeth admits that Miss Jones's conduct was severely perfect in its outward manifestation. And to her bosom friend, Irais, Elizabeth is simply diabolical when she thinks that that friend is trespassing a little too long on her hospitality. She makes no secret of her opinion that the weeks her friends are with her are time lost so far as her pleasure is concerned, and even goes so far as to say that it rejoices her as much to see them

go as to see them come. We suspect that it rejoices her even more.

The truth of the matter is that our good Elizabeth has no wholesome illusions; glamor is unknown to her; the bump of reverence is entirely missing. The Man of Wrath no more than the others escapes her scorn; he furnishes her with many an opportunity for ribald jibes. It is evident to the reader that she has utterly failed in bending him to her imperious will, as she would fain bend all with whom she comes in contact. She has certainly not cured him of his trick of holding his glass in his left hand, and she bears him a perennial grudge in consequence.

We begin to wonder if there is any person in the world for whom she really cares, and it is a relief to find her confessing that she likes her coachman almost as well as her sundial, but it turns out that this is only because he never attempts to thwart any of her unreasonable wishes. She hates giving presents, for fear the recipient may be spoiled, and she shall suffer. She has a great dislike to furniture, though we feel certain that she would be the first to cry out if she had not enough of it, or if her armchair was not comfortable, or if her presses were not large enough to hold her frocks. But there is no pleasing her. Things animate and inanimate alike annoy her, and the one person who is, in her eyes, entirely charming is Elizabeth.

And indeed she is not very far wrong. She is a fascinating being, and it is difficult to endure with equanimity the thought that the Man of Wrath has attained, by right of conquest, the privilege of her constant society. She will always amuse him; she will never—even when come the days of gray hair and wrinkles—she will even then never bore him. She will keep his affection inviolate, however much she may deserve to lose it. But one cherishes a secret, though perhaps unworthy, joy

in the conviction that, inordinately as he may adore her, he will never let her know it. Is he not a German husband, closely connected in his ways and modes of action with the Dr. Grill who rouses Elizabeth's ire? When she puts forth her fascinations the Man of Wrath will retire with well-affected indifference to his smoky series of dens in the southeast corner of the house. When she holds forth on the superiority of the sex he will smile blandly down on her, talking her at last into passionate flight. He dominates her by sheer strength, as well as by the moral power of that superior irritating smile.

Although Elizabeth has done her best to persuade us, we do not even feel sure that it was by her own desire that she came to live in a German garden. It is far more likely that it was the iron will of the Man of Wrath which condemned her to it after much ineffectual resistance, although she had sense enough when she found herself in exile to pretend that she liked it. How else should a commiseration of the neighboring Patronizing Potentate (a woman potentate, of course) have roused her to such anger if some secret sting had not lain in the words: "Ah, these husbands! They shut up their wives because it suits them, and don't care what their sufferings are?"

It was the painful, unacknowledged truth of the remark which stung the resentful Elizabeth.

And this explains the whole situation.

Here is a young and fascinating woman condemned by her bluebeard of a husband to live in a remote Schloss sorely against her will. The unfortunate lady immediately becomes a cynic, and professes contempt of worldly enjoyments. But revenge is essential to her well-being, so she sits down to write a book which, because she calls it a book about a garden, will attract

an enormous audience. In this book she wreaks her vengeance on society, on her friends both present and absent, on her insentient furniture, on her servants (except the one whom she likes nearly as well as her sundial), on her governess, and even—*O tempora, O mores!*—on her husband. The fact that she is totally ignorant of gardening does not for a moment deter her from writing a garden book. She might have put her experiences into a novel, and enjoyed a circulation of a paltry five hundred or so. Or she might have fulminated under the guise of Woman's Rights, and have printed a pamphlet (mainly for gratuitous distribution) in which to vent her views. But she knew a better way than this. She had noted the vogue of the garden book, and with specious craftiness she adopted this un-failing method of reaching a large and sympathetic audience.

And what is the result?

The result is exactly as she anticipated. Everybody knows Elizabeth and everybody is devoted to her. She has a charm such as is seldom found in the mere heroine of fiction; it is a real live charm, and her readers claim her as a—no, alas! not as a friend, because she will not permit it, but as a delightful acquaintance who has the rare power of keeping them amused for an hour together. We shall gladly read every word which it may enter her sprightly, capricious head to write, though we shall first attempt to persuade her not to call her future books by titles so deceptive as to lead the reader to imagine that they deal with gardening. It was distinctly fraudulent so to describe this one, although in Elizabeth's painful position we have recognized and indicated the necessity of the course. But in the future it will not even be necessary, because we know our Elizabeth, and shall be glad to meet her again, no matter on what subject she may choose to discourse us.

I think I have said sufficient to show that the garden book, in its latest development, is a very different thing from the ordinary book on gardening, and that in it a new form of literature has arisen which has appealed from the first to the general public. There can be no doubt as to the success of a class of book whose circulation is practically certain to run into thousands in a few months, and to continue lively for years. That these books are not, strictly speaking, gardening works, seems to be no disadvantage as regards their sale, but rather the contrary. They evidently satisfy the buyer, which is what both buyer and writer chiefly require. But it is difficult to contemplate with equanimity the possibility of their continuing to flourish on their present basis, for that would be to invite any irresponsible member of the general public who may happen to be afflicted with the *cacoëthes scribendi* to inflict us with his private diary and to be rewarded for the inflicting.

That a knowledge of gardening is not essential in these writers is sufficiently shown by the analysis given above of two of the most popular of these books. That a working acquaintance with the English tongue is unnecessary is proved by the fact that the novice is as successful as the practiced writer in attracting attention. That the human interest is immaterial is demonstrated by more than one of the many popular volumes on our shelves, such as Miss Jekyll's "Wood and Garden," and Mrs. Earle's "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden," although such human interest when it appears is evidently appreciated, as Elizabeth and Mr. Alfred Austin can testify. That natural history is not definitely asked for, although it has an infinite charm when it is supplied, those who count Mr. Phil Robinson's "In Garden, Orchard and Spinney," as perhaps one of the least known though most deserving of these

works, can positively assert. In short, the reasons for the present vogue of these books are so difficult to discover that, finding that hardly any two of them put forth the same claim to consideration, one is forced to the conclusion that this craze of the moment is merely a general demand which may be catered for in any manner chosen by those who make—or who intend to make—themselves responsible for the supply. The vogue will probably die away as effectually as it has arisen when the buyer knows a little more

about floriculture, and comes to see that he can be secure of anything save instruction in gardening matters from the majority of these garden books. Then the natural law of survival will step in, and the balance will be restored. Those books which have the power to amuse will be welcomed for their rare merit; those which can instruct for their almost as valuable quality; and those which can do neither the one nor the other will probably lead the way to oblivion of this whole new class of garden literature.

H. M. Batson.

The Nineteenth Century.

THE GIRL FROM FAERYLAND.

Along the lonely eskers I cut the summer grass,
The Shannon lies below me, and the boatmen as they pass
Cry out to me, "God bless the work and give you full your
hand."
They all are kind because they mind I'm new from Faeryland.

I'm newly come from Faeryland; a twelvemonth and a day
I spent among the Gentle Folk and danced the time away.
And all the while a faery girl went in my homespun gown,
And won me love and lost me love the breadth of Carrick
town.

Here comes a lad I never loved, and calls me "Gra machree,"
And kindly eyes I used to know look strange and cold on me.
The anger that a faery earned lies on me like a fret,
And with the love I want not I find my pillow wet.

What will I do day in day out where *she* has waked and slept?
My wheel it knows a stranger's 'hand, a stranger's care has
kept
My mother's mouth from hunger, my mother's eyes from tears;
And whiles my own voice echoes like a stranger's in my ears.

For half my heart's in Faery land, and half is here on earth,
And half I'm spolloed for sorrow, and half I'm strange to mirth;
And my feet are wild for dancing, and my neighbors' feet are
slow—

Why did you take me, Gentle Folk? *Why did you let me go?*

The Speaker.

Nora Hopper.

THE HEART OF DARKNESS.*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

VII.

"I looked at him, lost in astonishment. There he was before me, in motley, as though he had absconded from a troupe of mimes, enthusiastic, fabulous. His very existence was improbable, inexplicable, and altogether bewildering. He was an insolvable problem. It was inconceivable how he had existed, how he had succeeded in getting so far, how he had managed to remain—why he did not instantly disappear. 'I went a little farther,' he said, 'then a little farther—till I had gone so far that I don't know how I'll ever get back. Never mind. Plenty time. I can manage. You take Kurtz away quick—quick—I tell you.' The glamor of youth enveloped his particolored rags, his destitution, his loneliness, the essential desolation of his futile wanderings. For months—for years—his life hadn't been worth a day's purchase; and there he was gallantly, thoughtlessly alive, indestructible to all appearance, solely by the virtue of his few years and of his unreflecting audacity. I was seduced into something like admiration—like envy. Glamor urged him on, glamor kept him unscathed. He surely wanted nothing from the wilderness but space to breathe in and to push on through. His need was to exist, and to move onwards at the greatest possible risk, and with a maximum of privation. If the absolutely pure, uncalculating, unpractical spirit of adventure had ever ruled a human being, it was this bepatched youth. I almost envied him the possession of this modest and clear flame. It seemed to have consumed all thought of self so com-

pletely that even while he was talking to you, you forgot that it was he—the man before your eyes—who had gone through these things. I did not envy him his devotion to Kurtz, though. He had not meditated over it. It came to him and he accepted it with a sort of eager fatalism. I must say that to me it appeared about the most dangerous thing in every way he had come upon so far.

"They had come together unavoidably, like two ships becalmed near each other, and lay rubbing sides at last. I suppose Kurtz wanted an audience, because on a certain occasion, when encamped in the forest, they had talked all night, or more probably Kurtz had talked. 'We talked of everything,' he said, quite transported at the recollection. 'I forgot there was such a thing as sleep. The night did not seem to last an hour. Everything! Everything! . . . Of love, too.' 'Ah, he talked to you of love!' I said, much amused. 'It isn't what you think,' he cried, almost passionately. 'It was in general. He made me see things—things.'

"He threw his arms up. We were on deck at the time, and the head man of my woodcutters lounging near by, turned upon him his heavy and glittering eyes. I looked around, and I don't know why, but I assure you that never, never before, did this land, this river, this jungle, the very arch of the blazing sky, appear to me so hopeless and so dark, so impenetrable to human thought, so pitiless to human weakness. 'And, ever since, you have been with him, of course,' I said.

"On the contrary. It appears their intercourse was very much broken by

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various causes. He had, as he informed me proudly, managed to nurse Kurtz through two illnesses (he spoke of it as he would of some risky achievement), but, as a rule, Kurtz wandered alone, far in the depths of the forest. 'Very often coming to this station I had to wait days and days for him to turn up,' he said. 'Ah! it was worth waiting for!—sometimes.' 'What was he doing? Exploring or what?' I asked. 'O, yes, of course, he had discovered lots of villages, a lake, too—he did not know exactly in what direction; it was dangerous to inquire too much—but mostly his expeditions had been for ivory.' 'But he had no goods to trade with by that time,' I objected. 'There's a good lot of cartridges left even yet,' he answered, looking away. 'To speak plainly, he raided the country,' I said. He nodded. 'Not alone, surely!' He muttered something about the villages round that lake. 'Kurtz got the tribe to follow him, did he?' I suggested. He fidgeted a little. 'They adored him,' he said. The tone of these words was so extraordinary that I looked at him searchingly. It was curious to see his mingled eagerness and reluctance to speak of Kurtz. The man filled his life, occupied his thoughts, swayed his emotions. 'What can you expect,' he burst out; 'he came to them with thunder and lightning, you know—and they had never seen anything like it—and very terrible. He could be very terrible. You can't judge Mr. Kurtz as you would an ordinary man. No, no, no! Now, just to give you an idea—I don't mind telling you, he wanted to shoot me, too, one day—but I don't judge him.' 'Shoot you!' I cried. 'What for?' 'Well, I had a small lot of ivory the chief of that village near my house gave me. You see I used to shoot game for them. Well, he wanted it and wouldn't hear reason. He said he would shoot me unless I gave him the ivory and cleared out of the coun-

try, because he could do so, and had a fancy for it, and there was nothing on earth to prevent him killing whom he jolly well pleased. And it was true, too. I gave him the ivory. What did I care. But I didn't clear out. No, no, I couldn't leave him. I had to be careful, though, for a time. Then we got friendly as before. He had his second illness then. Afterward I had to keep out of the way again. But he was mostly living in those villages on the lake. When he came down to the river sometimes he would take to me, and sometimes I had to keep out of his way. Just as it happened. This man suffered too much. He hated all this, and somehow he couldn't get away. When I had a chance I begged him to try and leave while there was time. I offered to go back with him. And he would say yes, and then he would remain; go off on another ivory hunt; disappear for weeks; forget himself among these people—forget himself, you know.' 'Why, he's mad,' I said. He protested indignantly. Mr. Kurtz couldn't be mad. If I had heard him talk only two days ago, I wouldn't dare hint at such a thing. I had taken up my binoculars while we talked, and was looking at the shore, sweeping the limit of the forest at each side and at the back of the house. The consciousness of there being people in that bush, so silent, so quiet—as silent and quiet as the ruined house on the hill—made me uneasy. There was no sign on the face of nature of this amazing tale of cruelty and greed that was not so much told as suggested to me in desolate exclamations, completed by shrugs, in interrupted phrases, in hints ending in deep sighs. The woods were unmoved, like a mask—heavy, like the closed door of a prison—they looked with their air of hidden knowledge, of patient expectation, of unapproachable silence. The house came into the range of the glass. The Russian was telling me that it was

only lately that Mr. Kurtz had come down to the river, bringing along with him that lake tribe. He had been away for several months—getting himself adored, I suppose—and came down purposing a raid either across the river or down stream. Evidently the appetite for more ivory had got the better of the—what shall I say?—less material aspirations. However, he had got much worse, suddenly. 'I heard he was lying helpless and so I came up; took my chance,' said the Russian. 'O, he is bad, very bad.' I kept my glass steadily on the house. There were no signs of life, but there was the ruined roof, the long mud wall peeping above the grass, with three little, square window-holes, no two of the same size; all this brought within reach of my hand, as it were. And then I made a brusque movement, and one of the remaining posts of that vanished fence leaped up in the field of my glass. You remember I told you I had been struck at the distance by certain attempts at ornamentation, rather remarkable in the ruinous neglect of the place. Now I had suddenly a nearer view, and its first result was to make me throw my head back as if before a blow. Then I went carefully from post to post with my glass, and I saw my mistake. Those round knobs were not ornamental, but symbolic; symbolic of some cruel and forbidden knowledge. They were expressive and puzzling, striking and disturbing, food for thought and also for the vultures if there had been any looking down from the sky, but, at all events, for such ants as were industrious enough to ascend the pole. They would have been even more impressive, those heads on the stakes, if their faces had not been turned to the house. Only one, the first I had made out, was facing my way. I was not so shocked as you may think. The start back I had given was really nothing but a movement of surprise. I had expected to see

a knob of wood there, you know. I returned deliberately to the first I had seen—and there it was, black, dried, sunken, with closed eyelids—a head that seemed to sleep at the top of that pole, and with the shrunken, dry lips, showing a narrow white line of teeth, was smiling, too, smiling continuously, at some endless and jocose dream of that eternal slumber.

"I am not disclosing any trade secrets. In fact, the manager said afterward that Mr. Kurtz had ruined that district. I have no opinion as to that, but I want you clearly to understand that there was nothing profitable in these heads being there. They only showed that Mr. Kurtz lacked restraint in the gratification of his various lusts, that there was something wanting in him—some small matter which, when the pressing need arose, could not be found under his magnificent eloquence. Whether he knew of this deficiency himself, I can't say. I think the knowledge came to him at last—only at the very last. But the wilderness had found him out early, and had taken on him a terrible vengeance for the fantastic invasion. It had tempted him with all the sinister suggestions of its loneliness. I think it had whispered to him things about himself which he did not know, things of which he had no conception till he took counsel with this great solitude—and the whisper had proved irresistibly fascinating. It echoed loudly within him because he was hollow at the core. I put down the glass, and the head that had appeared near enough to be spoken to seemed at once to have leaped away from me into the illusion of an inaccessible distance.

"The admirer of Mr. Kurtz hung his head. With a hurried, indistinct voice he began to tell me he had not dared to take these—say, symbols—down. He was not afraid of the natives; they would not move until Mr. Kurtz gave the word. His ascendancy was extra-

ordinary. The camps of these people surrounded the place, and the chiefs came every day to see him. They crawled. 'I don't want to know anything of the ceremonies used when approaching Mr. Kurtz,' I shouted. Curious, this feeling that came over me that those details would be more intolerable to hear than those heads drying on stakes under Mr. Kurtz's windows were to see. After all, that was only a savage sight, while I seemed at one bound to have been transported into some lightless region of subtle horrors, where pure, uncomplicated savagery was a positive relief, being something that had a right to exist, obviously in the sunshine. The young man looked at me with surprise. I suppose it did not occur to him Mr. Kurtz was no idol of mine. He forgot I hadn't heard any of these splendid monologues on, what was it? on love, justice, conduct of life—or what not. If it had come to crawling before Mr. Kurtz, he crawled as much as the veriest savage of them all. I had no idea of the conditions—he said—these heads were the heads of rebels. I shocked him excessively by laughing. Rebels! What would be the next definition I was to hear? There had been enemies, criminals, workers—and these were rebels. Those rebellious heads looked very pacific to me on their sticks. 'You don't know how such a life tries a man like Kurtz,' cried Kurtz's last disciple. 'Well, and you?' I said. 'I! I! I am a simple man. I have no great thoughts. I want nothing from anybody. How can you compare me to . . .' His feelings were too much for speech, and suddenly he broke down. 'I don't understand,' he groaned. 'I've been doing my best to keep him alive, and that's enough. I had no hand in all this. I have no abilities. There hasn't been a drop of medicine or a mouthful of invalid food for months here. He was shamefully abandoned. A man like this, with such

ideas. Shamefully. Shamefully. I—I—haven't slept for the last 10 nights . . .'

"His voice lost itself in the calm of the evening. The long shadows of the forest had slipped down hill while we talked, had gone far beyond the ruined hovel, beyond the symbolic row of stakes. All this was in the gloom, while we down there were yet in the sunshine, and the stretch of the river abreast of the clearing glittered in a still and dazzling splendor, with a murky and overshadowed band above and below. Not a living soul was seen on the shore. The bushes did not rustle.

"Suddenly, round the corner of the house a group of men appeared. It was as though they had come up from the ground. They waded waist-deep in the grass, in a compact body, bearing an improvised stretcher in their midst. Instantly, in the emptiness of the landscape, a cry arose whose shrillness pierced the still air like a sharp arrow flying straight to the very heart of the land; and, as if by enchantment, streams of human beings—of naked human beings—with spears in their hands, with bows, with shields, with wild glances and savage movements, were poured into the clearing by the dark-faced and pensive forest. The bushes shook, the grass swayed for a time, and then everything stood still in attentive immobility.

"Now, if he does not speak to them we are all done for," said the Russian, at my elbow. The knot of men with the stretcher had stopped, too, half-way to the steamer, as if petrified. I saw the man on the stretcher sit up, lank and with an uplifted arm, above the shoulders of the bearers. 'Let us hope that the man who can talk so well of love in general will find some particular reason to spare us this time,' I said. I resented bitterly the absurd danger of our situation, as if to be at the mercy

of the atrocious phantom who ruled this land had been a dishonoring necessity. I could not hear anything, but through my glasses I saw the thin arm extended commandingly, the lower jaw moving, the eyes of that apparition shining darkly far in his bony head that nodded with grotesque jerks. Kurtz—kurtz—that means short in German—don't it? Well, the name was as true as everything else in his life—and death. He looked at least seven feet long. His covering had fallen off, and his body emerged from it pitiful and appalling as from a winding-sheet. I could see the cage of his ribs all astir, the bones of his arm waving. It was as though an animated image of death carved out of old ivory had been shaking his hand with menaces at a motionless crowd of men made of dark and glittering bronze. I saw him open his mouth wide—it gave him a weirdly voracious aspect, as though he had wanted to swallow all the air, all the earth, all the men before him. A deep sound reached me faintly. He must have been shouting. He fell back suddenly. The stretcher shook as the bearers staggered forward again, and almost at the same time, I noticed that the crowd of savages had already diminished, was vanishing without any perceptible movement of retreat, as if the forest that had ejected these beings so suddenly had drawn them in again as the breath is drawn in a long aspiration.

"Some of the pilgrims behind the stretcher carried his arms—two shotguns, a heavy rifle and a light revolver carbine—the thunderbolts of that pitiful Jupiter. The manager bent over him murmuring as he walked beside his head. They laid him down in one of the little cabins, just a room for a bed-place and a camp stool or two, you know. We had brought his belated correspondence, and a lot of torn envelopes and open letters littered his

bed. His hand roamed feebly amongst these papers. I was struck by the fire in his eyes and the composed languor of his expression. It was not so much the exhaustion of disease. He did not seem in pain. This shadow looked satiated and calm as though for the moment it had had its fill of all the emotions.

"He rustled one of the letters, and looking in my face said, 'I am glad.' Somebody had been writing to him about me. These special recommendations again. The volume of tone he emitted without effort, almost without the trouble of moving his lips, amazed me. A voice! a voice! It was grave, profound, vibrating, while the man did not seem capable of a whisper. However, he had enough strength in himself, no doubt—to very nearly make an end of us, as you shall hear directly. The manager appeared in the doorway, so I stepped out at once, and he drew the curtain after me. The Russian, eyed curiously by the pilgrims, was staring at the shore. I followed the direction of his glance.

"Several bronze figures could be made out in the distance moving indistinctly against the gloomy border of the forest, and near the river two were standing leaning on spears in the sunlight, under fantastic headdresses of spotted skins, warlike, and still in statuesque repose. And from right to left along the lighted shore moved a wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman.

"She walked with measured steps, draped in striped and fringed cloths, treading the earth proudly, with a slight jingle and flash of barbarous ornaments. She carried her head high; her hair was done in the shape of a helmet; she had brass leggings to the knee, brass wire gauntlets to the elbow, a crimson spot on her tawny cheek, innumerable necklaces of glass beads on her neck; bizarre things, charms, gifts of witchmen, that hung about her, glit-

tered and trembled at every step. She must have had the value of several elephant tusks upon her. She was savage and superb; wild-eyed and magnificent; there was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress. And in the sudden hush that had fallen upon the whole sorrowful land, the immense wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul.

"And we men also looked at her; at any rate I looked at her. She came abreast of the steamer, stood still and faced us. Her long shadow fell to the water's edge. Her face had a tragic and fierce aspect of wild sorrow and of dumb fear, mingled with the pain of a struggling, half-shaped, emotion. She stood looking at us without a stir, and, like the wilderness itself, with an air of implacable brooding over an inscrutable purpose. A whole minute passed, and then she made a step forward. There was a low jingle, a glint of yellow metal, a sway of fringed draperies, and she stopped. Had her heart failed her, or had her eyes, veiled with that mournfulness that lies over all the wild things of the earth, seen the hopelessness of longing that will find out sometimes even a savage soul in the lonely darkness of its being? Who can tell? Perhaps she did not know herself. The young fellow by her side growled. The pilgrims murmured at my back. She looked at us all as if her life depended upon the unswerving steadiness of her glance. Suddenly she opened her bared arms and threw them up rigid above her head, as though in an uncontrollable desire to touch the sky, and, at the same time, the shadows of her arms darted out on the earth, swept around on the river, gathering the steamer into a shadowy embrace. Her sudden gesture seemed to demand a cry, but the unbroken silence that hung over the

scene was more formidable than any sound could be.

"She turned, walked on, following the bank, and passed into the bushes to the left. Once only her eyes gleamed back at us in the dusk of the thickets, and she disappeared.

"If she had offered to come aboard, I think I would have tried to shoot her," said the man of patches, nervously. "I have been risking my life every day for the last fortnight to keep her out of the house. She got in once and kicked up a row about those miserable rags I picked up in the store room to mend my clothes with. I was not decent. At least it must have been that, for she talked to Kurtz for an hour, pointing at me now and then. I don't understand the dialect of this tribe. Luckily for me, Kurtz felt too ill that day to care, or there would have been mischief. I don't understand. . . . No—it's too much for me. Ah, well, it's all over now."

"At this moment I heard Kurtz's deep voice behind the curtain. 'Save me—save the ivory, you mean. Don't tell me. Save me. Why, I've had to save you. You are interrupting my plans now. Sick. Sick. Not so sick as you would like to believe. Never mind, I'll carry my ideas out yet—I will return. I'll show you what can be done. You with your little peddling notions—you are interfering with me. I will return. I . . .'

"The manager came out. He did me the honor to take me under the arm and lead me aside. 'He is very low, very low,' he said. He considered it necessary to sigh, but forgot to be consistently sorrowful. 'We have done all that we could for him—haven't we? But there is no disguising the fact, Mr. Kurtz has done more harm than good to the company. He did not see the time was not ripe for vigorous action. Cautiously, cautiously, that's my principle. We must be cautious yet. The

district is closed to us for a time. Deplorable! Upon the whole the trade will suffer. I don't deny there is a remarkable quantity of ivory—mostly fossil. We must save it at all events—but look how precarious the position is—and why? Because the method is unsound.' 'Do you,' said I, looking at the shore, 'call it "unsound method?"' 'Without doubt,' he exclaimed, hotly. 'Don't you?' 'No method at all,' I murmured. 'Exactly,' he exulted. 'I anticipated this. A complete want of judgment. It is my duty to point it out in the proper quarter.' 'O,' said I, 'that fellow—what's his name?—the brickmaker, will make a readable report for you.' He appeared confounded for a moment. It seemed to me I had never breathed an atmosphere so vile, and I turned mentally to Kurtz for relief—positively for relief. 'Nevertheless, I think Mr. Kurtz is a remarkable man,' I said, with emphasis. He started, dropped on me a cold, heavy glance, said very quietly 'he was,' and turned his back on me. My hour of favor was over. I found myself lumped along with Kurtz as a partizan of methods for which the time was not ripe. I was unsound. Ah! but it was something to have at least a choice of nightmares.

"I had turned to the wilderness really, not to Mr. Kurtz, who, I was ready to admit, was as good as buried, and for a moment it seemed to me as if I also were buried in a vast grave full of unspeakable secrets. I felt an intolerable weight oppressing my breast, the smell of the damp earth, the unseen presence of victorious corruption, the darkness of an impenetrable night. The Russian tapped me on the shoulder. I heard him mumbling and stammering something about 'brother seaman—couldn't conceal—knowledge of matters that would affect Mr. Kurtz's reputation.' I waited. For him evidently Mr. Kurtz was not in his grave. I suspect that for him Mr. Kurtz was one of

the immortals. 'Well!' said I, at last, 'speak out. As it happens I am Mr. Kurtz's friend—in a way.'

"He stated, with a good deal of formality, that had we not been 'of the same profession he would have kept the matter to himself without regard to consequences. He suspected there was an active ill-will toward him on the part of these white men that—' 'You are right,' I said, remembering a certain conversation I had overheard. The manager thinks you ought to be hanged.' He showed a concern at this intelligence which astonished me at first. 'I had better get out of the way quietly,' he said, earnestly. 'I can do no more for Kurtz now, and they would soon find a pretext. . . . What's to stop them? There's a military post 300 miles from here.' 'Well, upon my word,' said I, 'perhaps you had better go, if you have any friends amongst the savages near by.' 'Plenty,' he said. 'They are simple people—and I want nothing, you know.' He stood biting his lip then. 'I don't want any harm to happen to these whites here, but of course I was thinking of Mr. Kurtz's reputation—but you are a brother seaman and—' 'All right,' said I, after a time. 'Mr. Kurtz's reputation is safe with me.' I did not know how truly I spoke.

"He informed me, lowering his voice, that it was Kurtz who had ordered the attack to be made on the steamer. 'He hated sometimes the idea of being taken away—and then again. . . . But I didn't understand these matters. I am a simple man. He thought it would scare you away—that you would give it up, thinking him dead. I could not stop him. O, I had an awful time of it this last month.' 'Very well,' I said. 'He is all right now.' 'Ye-es,' he muttered, not very convinced, apparently. 'Thanks,' said I; 'I shall keep my eyes open.' 'But quiet—eh?' he urged, anxiously. 'It would be awful for his repu-

tation if anybody here. . . . I promised a complete discretion with great gravity. I have a canoe and three black fellows not very far. I am off. Could you give me a few Martini-Henry cartridges?" I could and did, with proper secrecy. He helped himself, with a wink at me, to a handful of my tobacco. 'Between sailors—you know—good English tobacco.' At the door of the pilot house he turned round. 'I say, haven't you a pair of shoes you could spare?' He raised one leg. 'Look.' The soles were tied with knotted strings, sandalwise, under his bare feet. I rooted out an old pair, at which he looked with admiration before tucking it under his left arm. One of his pockets (bright red) was bulging with cartridges, from the other (dark blue) peeped 'Thompson's Enquiry,' etc., etc. He seemed to think himself excellently well equipped for a renewed encounter with the wilderness. 'Ah, I'll never, never meet such a man again. You ought to have heard him recite poetry—his own, too, it was, he told me. Poetry!' He rolled his eyes at the recollection of these delights. 'O, he enlarged my mind!' 'Good by,' said I. He shook hands and vanished in the night. I ask myself whether I had ever really seen him—whether it was possible to meet such a phenomenon.

"When I woke up shortly after midnight his warning came to my mind

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with its hint of danger, that seemed in the starred darkness, real enough to make me get up for the purpose of having a look round. On the hill a big fire burned, illuminating fitfully a crooked corner of the station house. One of the agents with a picket of a few of our blacks, armed for the purpose, was keeping guard. But deep within the forest, red gleams that wavered, that seemed to sink and rise with the ground amongst confused columnar shapes of intense blackness, showed the exact position of the camp where Mr. Kurtz's adorers were keeping their uneasy vigil. The monotonous beating of a big drum filled the air with muffled shocks and a lingering vibration. A steady droning sound of many men chanting each to himself some weird incantation, came out from the black, flat wall of the wood as the humming of bees comes out of the hive, and had a strange, narcotic effect upon my half awake senses. I believe I dozed off leaning over the rail, till an abrupt burst of yells, an overwhelming outbreak of a pent-up and mysterious frenzy, woke me up in a bewildered wonder. It was cut short all at once, and the low droning went on with an effect of audible and soothing silence. I glanced casually into the little cabin. A light was burning, Kurtz was not there."

(To be concluded.)

A NEW LITERARY DRINK.

One tumbler of Byron's rhetorical splash,
 One dram of Macaulay's heroical dash,
 A smack of old Campbell (for flavoring this is);
 Mix all up together, and drink while it fizzes.
 Can you doubt what the beverage is that you're tipping?
 It's capital, first-rate, in fact, R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.
 Punch.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE LAY MIND.

"The limitations of the lay mind," growled the Professor, as he leaned back in his chair and cut himself off from the ebb and flow of my conversation behind a thick curtain of tobacco smoke. At the best of times he was not a man of prepossessing appearance, the Professor. His deeply-lined face, overgrown with a stubbly thicket of reddish hair, his unkempt beard and whisker, the bristling fringe of his upper lip, and the thick penthouse of his eyebrows, beneath which a pair of small black eyes glittered restlessly, taken together with his rough, alert, thick-set figure, suggested the likeness of an aggressive Irish terrier. Nor to the average visitor was his demeanor more propitiatory than was his appearance. His ordinary response, when entrapped into conversation, sounded like a short, snappy bark. In the gathering gloom of a winter's evening, dimly outlined through the writhing whorls of blue smoke issuing from the china bowl at the end of a monstrous pipe—an abomination he was believed to have acquired during his student days in Germany—and surrounded by the unholy instruments of his craft, a very little imagination made him seem something inhuman, forbidding and grotesque. He never encouraged the advances of acquaintances. His contact with the outside world was purely official, forced on him by the duties of his position.

Twice a week he lectured to classes of medical students attending the great institution to which he was attached. As a lecturer he was not, I believe, popular. Throughout his discourse he barked his contempt of his audience. In the scale of his contempt he rated the average medical student a degree or so lower than even the lay mind. To

the irreverent among them he was known under the style and title of *Micrococcus prodigiosus*—perhaps a reflection on the reddish tinge which pervaded all that was visible of his person, except his hands. They were so entirely out of keeping with the rest of him that they seemed to have been grafted on his knobbly wrists for some more delicate organism. They were exquisitely moulded and carefully tended, with long supple sensitive fingers, the hand of a man who does delicate work. Great surgeons have such hands. What faint traces of human vanity he had, lingered, I think, in his finger tips. He was, too, a very eminent man, although his name was only known to the inner ring of the world of science. His professional reputation was apparently the only thing he regarded; against any other opinion he was immune.

Whether the great ones of the earth, whose hands turned the fount of honor on and off, had ever heard of his work, was a vain speculation, in which he never wasted a thought. It is told of him that when once a Prince of the Blood passed through his laboratory and manifested a desire to learn more about it, he only looked up from his microscope to scowl at the intruder. He was, however, so primitively ignorant of the great and subtle art of self-advertisement that I can find some germ of truth in the legend. That fair ladies and other butterflies of the social world, on the rare occasions on which they flitted across his path, greeted his approach with a shiver of curiosity and apprehension—for there was an air of power and of set purpose about the man—was a phenomenon he had never noticed.

He first attracted my notice because I chanced to see—it was at some tedious

scientific conversazione or other—the effect he produced on a very charming and enlightened woman of the world. He had appeared on her horizon, too, quite suddenly, intent on peering into a case of some pickled nastiness on which no one else had wasted a glance. At the first sight of him she gathered skirts, rustling alarm, around her, as one prepared for flight. Seeing that the Professor was altogether unconscious of her existence—an experience new to her—and, apparently, not dangerous when unprovoked, she decided, after a moment's hesitation, on keeping her seat, and fell to studying him intently through a long-handled eye-glass. This scrutiny had no effect on him; he was, to all seeming, unaware of it. Then her curiosity came into sharp conflict with her dwindling alarm. Curiosity, of course, got the better of it, and she fired a pretty intelligent little question at him. Turning round on her swiftly, he barked—just one short, sharp yap—and then returned to his specimens in peace. She afterwards explained that the bark had conveyed, in the plainest possible language, that the Professor was not inclined for conversation. Later on, I tried to get his views on the incident, but though he talked about the pickled unpleasantness with enthusiasm and by the hour, he had obviously forgotten all about it. It would, however, never have struck him that he had been rude. If it had, the knowledge would not have troubled him.

He had, however, still some faint traces of human weakness. Whenever some remote German *savant*, in an obscure and very abstruse periodical, attacked—as he invariably did whenever occasion offered—the Professor's latest thesis, and reviled his newest and most cherished microbe, then there arose the sound of weeping and of gnashing of teeth in the laboratory. Those who crossed his path when he was digesting one of Dr. Hagebitter's gentle remon-

strances, usually had reason to wish they had not.

Conversation with him in normal times had something of the excitement attendant on tickling a bulldog with a straw. He might take the remarks of the lay mind with tolerant and contemptuous indifference, or he might bite and bite hard. To what I owed the perilous distinction of familiar converse with him I never quite knew. If he did not encourage my visits, he bore with them patiently. A point in my favor was that, being altogether innocent of any and every scientific knowledge, I stood for the lay mind in his view of the world. The lay mind, as personified in me, was able to swallow the most daring speculations with never a quiver of the eyebrows. For the Professor was a pioneer. Eminent practitioners, who grew sleek in the grooves their fathers had worn smooth for them, and when confronted with anything beyond their sky line told the relatives of the deceased that there were mysteries it was hopeless to attempt to discover to the lay mind, held his methods and his manners in a like abhorrence. For my own part I am inclined to think that the Professor mistook naked ignorance for an enlightened superiority to empiricism. He also fondly imagined that the lay mind was deeply interested in his work. This was the only form of cozening under which he thawed.

Our conversation in the evening in question skirted round the recent outbreak of the plague in Europe. I have called it conversation, though it was rather a monologue, punctuated by an occasional growl from the Professor, in which I rehearsed the details I had culled from the daily papers. The lay mind was encouraged to go on by the certain knowledge that when the banality of its comments had irritated him beyond all endurance he would turn and scarily it. Then it would

gather as much strange and horrible information as it is good for the lay mind to acquire. The difficulty of the preliminary process lay in the fact that it was impossible to tell what particular exhibition of ignorance would goad the Professor out of his wonted taciturnity. Just then he was simmering; but the explosion did not seem immediately imminent. I had so far only succeeded in making him brood in long-suffering silence in which he sank more deeply as the smoke issued thicker from his pipe. Then I chanced to comment—a reminiscence of some leading article or other—with the air of one who commits a truism on the wicked folly whereby, owing to the lack of proper precautions, a valuable life had been idly thrown away.

That was the cue. The empty remark stung my host on the raw. He came out of his lair of tobacco smoke with a bound, his eyes ablaze; assault and battery seemed probable. The storm had evidently been brewing for some time, and it broke with violence. Fortunately, the first ravages of its fury splattered away in words.

"What do you know? What do your poor little inflated newspapers know—when you glibly talk of a life thrown away? What do you know of the perils that beset on every side the bacteriologist who dares original research? What do you know? You talk of holding your life in your hand whenever some chance blow may, by favor of fortune, teach you what silence is. We hold death in our hands—death in its most insidious and loathsome form—with every groping step we take along the dark road to knowledge. We handle it; we foster it into yet more venomous activity; we make death our tool, our toy, until we wring its secrets from it. Death! What is death to us? It lies in wait for us in every slide, in every test tube, and in every instrument we touch. A scratch on the fin-

ger, an unguarded movement, and death has us in its grip, as surely as if some silly bayonet had rammed it through our heart. Yet, when one of us falls a victim to the death that encompasses us on every side, you talk of reckless folly and fill your papers with unctuous claptrap. When one of your soldiers dies in the field of battle because some other idiot hits him on the head with a scrap of iron, or drills a bit of lead through him, do you talk of a criminal lack of precautions then? Your fighting-men die in scores on every battle-field to take a red rag a few hundred miles farther into a country where it isn't wanted. Yet when one of us dies in the wide cause of all humanity, you mouth your stale catchwords at us anew. Mind you, I am not talking of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Let the little men look after them, lest by their death they tell the people of the dangers we are fighting. I am speaking of those who are in the forefront of the battle. Dare you talk of precautions to them? Do you expect your soldiers never to move unless they are slinking under cover, where no stray bullet can reach them? Is this the way your victories were won? And are we never to move a step forward lest, perchance, we pay the penalty of it with our lives? No! Do not revile us if perchance we die; rather marvel that one of us is left alive."

The Professor had been pacing up and down the room during this outburst—mouth, eyes, arms, legs, all working and threatening. I had never before seen him so greatly moved. He was one of those self-contained men who, once roused, are formidable. They have long accumulations to work off. The torrent of words that had overwhelmed me seemed to have relieved my host. It had certainly left me limp. After a few minutes' silence he continued, more calmly, wrestling

with himself rather than addressing me:

"Let us look facts in the face. Was ever a great achievement wrought without its cost? Did Koch learn what cholera was without paying the toll of human life? Do you expect us to await the advent of an epidemic with folded arms for fear lest we lose a life in trying to learn its cure? It is good, you teach, that one man should die for the many, yet you raise a howl if a rabbit be done to death to save countless human lives. And when a man who, knowing the risk he runs, dies, you talk of recklessness. Who knows the hazard better than the bacteriologist? Yet he dares, and at times pays the penalty of his daring. No great discovery, I tell you, has ever been won until the stakes were laid. For myself. . . . Yes! don't gape at me so owlishly. I myself have laid the stakes more than once, and I have once paid forfeit. I have told you about my researches into the Kampull plague. What I have never told you is— Come with me and I will show you. The price of it was two human lives. And—be careful not to knock anything over in the laboratory."

The Professor picked up his keys. He was his wonted self again. Action always restored his balance.

He unlocked the folding doors which shut off his study from the laboratory and passed into the farther darkness. It was the first time I had seen them open. I followed reluctantly, wishing greatly that I had not adventured in these matters. The sentiment was intensified when my guide into these realms locked the doors behind me. The foregoing conversation had not been a bracing introduction to a locked bacteriological laboratory with the Professor in an unprobed mood. Consequently I stepped delicately; nor did I knock anything over. I was relieved when the Professor switched on the light. He

was standing before a solid cabinet of polished wood beneath which a flicker of gas gave, or seemed to give, a pallid, ghastly light. He unlocked and opened one side of it, revealing an inner shell of burnished glass. The laboratory with its gleaming microscopes and uncanny glass instruments looked innocent enough in the glare of the electric light. Nevertheless, I wished myself safely out of it. The limitations of the lay mind, of course. But there are times when the Professor gets on to one's nerves. So I watched him jealously. He had taken two commonplace test tubes thinly coated with a gelatinous layer halfway up the sides and half a potato, partially covered with insignificant mildew, from the safe.

"Typhoid, cholera and diphtheria," he remarked, genially, as he laid them severally down with care, "also erysipelas. We keep them all in stock . . . efficiency guaranteed from our own cultures."

He was brisk and cheerful again, but his humor does not always exhilarate the lay mind. At length, from the recesses of the unholy cavern, he drew out another test tube with infinite tenderness. He dipped a slim platinum rod into the viscous fluid and spread a tiny speck with the delicacy of a miniature painter on a slip of glass. He added a drop of water and a dot of vermillion to the unholy brew. After a minute he covered it with another glass slip, and waved the slide rapidly once or twice over the gas jet. "To fix it," he explained, in answer to the silent question which these cabalistic preparations challenged.

"Kampull bacteria," he said. There was great solemnity in his voice, as of one who is showing a pearl of great price. I gazed at the slide respectfully. It was an ordinary slip of glass, slightly blurred in the middle. There was nothing to be seen. The Professor put

it under a large microscope, and switched on a convenient light. I saw countless hundreds of tiny reddish whorls. I was not impressed.

"That is Kampull," said the Professor, who evidently expected me to be.

"You don't say so," I answered, feeling guilty of another manifestation of the inanity of the lay mind. "They seem to be remarkably fine—er—specimens."

"They are remarkably fine cultures," said the Professor, gravely. "I took them from young Hardy."

The blankness of the lay mind was probably reflected in my face. In any case the Professor went on immediately:

"You know what Kampull in the remote interior of East Africa is. You may call it the bubonic plague of Africa, if you like. It isn't that, as a matter of fact, but still it is near enough for you. You will recall the symptoms of it, the swelling of the—"

"I remember," I said, hastily. I began to feel it would not be good to go into details.

"You remember how the epidemic ravages the southeast of Uganda," continued my host. "It annihilates whole villages, and in an epidemic the natives die like flies; well, we are now going up the Nile, and we have taken cholera with us. It would profit us little to bring Kampull back with us. But should the danger arise it is the duty of science to meet it forearmed. That is the task of the bacteriologist."

"And a very interesting and agreeable duty it is." The lay mind felt the need of keeping its courage up.

"I wouldn't finger that test tube about too much," returned the Professor, grimly. "You'll be smashing it in another minute. It's rather a valuable culture."

I put the bottled death out of harm's way with edifying alacrity.

"As I was telling you," the Professor

went on more placably, "very soon after Kampull had been definitely reported—we heard of it first of all from the missionaries, who, of all sources of information, are the most hopelessly unsatisfactory—I became deeply interested in the epidemic, but I was groping in the dark for want of anything like accurate data. Then I did obtain certain material, the usual thing, you know, specimens of the diseased insect—"

"Oh, yes! the usual thing, of course," I interposed hurriedly. It is always as well for the lay mind to keep the Professor to generalities. The particulars of his work do not appeal to it.

"Dr. Simpson sent them, Simpson of the London; you remember him? He had gone out to Uganda on some special mission or other and had drifted into the interior. He was a very well-meaning fellow was Simpson, but he had no more idea of how to send home the material for a bacteriological investigation than Hagebitter has of conducting a controversy with any degree of decency. He died shortly afterwards, somewhere on the Victoria Nyanza. Caught blackwater fever, which he insisted on treating as malaria, according to Hagebitter's theory. Consequently he killed himself with overdoses of quinine. Hagebitter, I remember, adopted a very unbecoming tone when I pointed out that quinine—"

"Did you get any results from the—er—stuff which Simpson forwarded?"

The Professor was in the habit of drifting from the point whenever the mention of his dearest enemy crossed the track of his story.

"Well, enough to put forward a cautious theory, though it was, of course, impossible to speak with any degree of certainty. Hagebitter railed against it in the Review in a manner that would have been unbecoming in a medical student. I had, at that time, a young assistant working in the laboratory,

though, as you know, I don't care for assistants; they are clumsy and spoil any experiment that requires delicate manipulation. I never had another since young Hardy. Hardy was an exceptionally promising lad. His heart was in his work and he had enough courage for original research. He had just left Oxford, where they succeed in turning out a man every now and again. They train them to use their brains, and not to be frightened when they do happen to stumble across something new. Young as he was, he had already published a paper in the *Review* which deserved serious attention. Hagebitter, it is true—"

"Hardy was very young, you said?"

"Yes. When Hardy had once got over certain outside distractions—he was very young, as I said—I could foresee a very distinguished and useful career for him. He had helped me in my researches in Kampull, and was keenly interested in my speculations. Intelligently interested, what's more. When he came in one morning—it's about a couple of years ago now—I showed him Hagebitter's article. He read it through without saying anything. Then he handed the *Review* back to me and put on his hat.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To Buddu," he said. "They say it's very bad out there just now. I am convinced you are right, but we must have certainty!"

"So we arranged—"

"But what did you—?" I asked.

It was a foolish question that once again betrayed the limitations of the lay mind. I might have known, without making him say so, that the Professor was quite capable of aiding and abetting a misguided youngster in his zeal to hunt a deadly disease through the wilds of Central Africa. But I was thinking of Hardy's "certain outside distractions" at the moment.

"I told him to keep an eye on any

cases of blackwater fever he might come across, and gave him full instructions to bring duplicate specimens. Hardy was away for about twelve months, and I had a lot of difficulty in squeezing the necessary funds out of the Council for him. They will spend money like water when it is a question of getting some chemist to perform monkey tricks at one of their conversaziones, but when it comes to supporting an important scientific mission, they—"

"So he did come back safely," I interrupted.

"Oh, certainly; and brought the most valuable material back with him. It seems that he had great trouble in getting it to the coast in safety. A silly tribe attacked the expedition in the interior, and Hardy only just succeeded in escaping with the all-important part of his baggage. As it was, his clinical and aetiological notes were lost, which was the more vexatious as we wanted to make Hagebitter eat his words on all points. Scarcity of provisions—they had to be sacrificed when the camp was attacked—and mutiny among the survivors of the expedition, accounted for the delay in reaching the coast. However, he had carried out the main object of his mission most excellently. We set to work on our investigations at once. The bacteriological nature of the disease was soon established beyond all shadow of doubt. It then became our duty to discover a prophylactic and a curative serum, if possible. Our experiment—Kampull is most terribly virulent—required the most careful handling. More than once I suggested to Hardy that he should leave the whole business to me—I was an old hand and not likely to run any risks. But the boy insisted on taking his share of the work, and, as he had already done so much and was so eager to associate his name with mine in the discoveries he believed we should make,

It would have been churlish for me to have refused him. But from the very outset I had misgivings for which I could not account. I was, as a matter of fact, uneasy from the first day the bacteria were brought into the laboratory, the effect of a little overwork, probably. We adopted every precaution, and only worked behind locked doors. But in the laboratory, as in the field of battle, there are accidents which defy precautions. How it happened I do not know to this day. I was not in the room at the time. When I came in I saw Hardy standing at the window with his lips glued to his wrist. He showed me a tiny puncture in his forearm. He was very pale and one or two beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

"My God!" I said, and seized his wrist.

"He nodded.

"Why didn't you call me in to amputate?" I asked.

"I hardly know," he said; "I suppose I lost my head. It all happened in an instant. I had rested the syringe—it was charged right enough—on the edge of the table. I had to fetch an anæsthetic. It was careless, I know. Coming back I slipped. That bit of orange peel was sticking to the sole of my boot. I must have picked it up on my way down here. I half fell and saved myself by the table. The thing ran deep into my wrist. Well, it's no use making a fuss. That, I suppose, is the end of the story."

"From the first I could see that he knew himself to be a dead man as surely as if a bullet had passed through his heart. I knew it, too.

"You must isolate me now at once," he went on, after a minute's silence. "The thing will take three or four days to declare itself. If you are going to look after me—I beg your pardon, I know you will—you had better inoculate yourself at once, though I haven't

much faith in that serum of yours. We are getting near it, but it is not powerful enough yet. That brings me to the point I want to impress on you. She—that is, my people, if they should find out I am ill, will probably try to see me. You must on no account allow this. We can't risk it. I have seen Kampull at work, and I know how the contagion spreads. That stuff may pull you through. I hope it will. In any case, you will be able to take notes first."

"Well, we went away at once. I was the only person who saw him after the accident. The people at the hospital I went to were trustworthy and knew enough about the case to recognize the need of strict precautions. Everything we wanted was left in the lift outside the ward, and no one, except one of the staff, was allowed to set foot in the courtyard. To be prepared for every emergency I had dropped Hagebitter a line. I knew that if anything went wrong with me, a wire would bring him to watch my case within four and twenty hours. To give Hagebitter his due, he does not lack courage, and he can be relied on when vital interests are at stake. Besides, it would be his only chance of seeing Kampull with his own eyes. For the first three days Hardy was busy writing up the results of our previous investigations. He worked feverishly hard, as if determined not to give himself a moment for any thought apart from his great work. Once or twice he handed me a note in which some point that remained to be cleared up was jotted down for future reference. I had to ask him, as a personal favor, to stop doing this. He was, of course, quite right, and, looking back I am ashamed of my weakness when I compare it with his quiet strength. But the long days of waiting had unnerved me. I could not lose myself in my work as that boy did. On the evening

of the third day, Hardy suddenly laid down his pen. He took his temperature and marked it in the chart.

"'Hagebitter was quite wrong,' he said. 'The temperature does rise very suddenly and with abnormal rapidity before there are any traces of inflammation. I am afraid that I shall have lost control of my brain before morning, but my work is almost finished. If ever the epidemic reaches the coast they will have reason to remember my name with yours. You have got to go through with it now. Shake hands and remember your promise. No one, whoever it may be, must see me again.'

"That was the beginning of the end. The next morning two women came into the courtyard. The doctor could hardly prevent one of them from rushing up to the window of the ward. Then I held up the message Hardy had written and signed—he had thought of every contingency, you see—against the pane. The elder one dropped on her knees and was led away. The other, after reading the paper, ceased to struggle to approach the ward, but she refused to leave the courtyard. I believe the doctor, very unwisely, allowed her to bring food and necessaries to the lift. At all hours of the day and night, whenever I looked out, she was standing against the wall of the opposite building, watching my window. Once when I was fetching in something she tried to speak to me up the lift. Though I shut the window down promptly and without answering, I thought for the moment that Hardy must have been disturbed by the sound, or his breathing became more restless. This, however, considering his state of collapse, I now consider to be unlikely. It was not until I pulled the blind down, when all was over, that she slowly went away. Hardy's body, in accordance with the instructions he had left, had then already been cremated. The same day I succumbed to the infection, and

Hagebitter arrived in time to watch my case. To his ill-concealed disappointment it was a very mild attack. Hagebitter himself had to admit that my serum was a prophylactic of considerable virtue. He had inoculated himself when first I wrote to him, and proved himself to be completely immune. Young Hardy had not died in vain!"

"But—" I began.

"Yes," interrupted the Professor, "I know what you are going to say. It was careless of Hardy to leave that syringe lying about, and it was thoughtless of him not to amputate at the elbow as soon as he felt the prick. But when I think of the devotion of the boy to our common cause, when I remember his high spirit which bore him successfully over so many difficulties, well, I must leave it to you laymen to blame him. To men like myself his memory will always be that of one of the great men of science, one of those brave pioneers who fell in the forefront of the battle."

When the Professor runs away with an idea the lay mind has no choice but to give him his head.

"The question I wanted to ask was this," I interposed, as soon as interpellation was possible. "You said the serum cost two lives. Hardy's was one. The other was—"

"It is curious," observed the Professor, in the tone of one whose interest in the subject under discussion is flickering out, "to note the persistency with which the lay mind fastens on the irrelevant. I was, perhaps, wrong in saying that the serum cost two lives. The connection of the second death with the discovery was remote and indirect. You may, perhaps, remember my reference to a young female who attracted my attention at the hospital. She, it appears, was betrothed to Hardy. She died shortly afterwards. The shock of his death supervening on a disordered nervous system—in short, she

died of what you would ineptly call a broken heart. The lay mind cannot appreciate the fact that emotional—"

Temple Bar.

"We will leave it at that," said the lay mind, perhaps a little rudely.

Henry Oakley.

MADAME D'EPINAY.

In the group of brilliant women who "rule Paris through their Salons" there is not one so characteristic of the worst side of that great Eighteenth Century as Madame d'Epinay. In her one sees its sublime self-deceit, after which all sin is easy. She has in full measure its charm, its cleverness and its folly; its fine talk and its mean practice; its feeling for beauty and truth, and its "windy sentimentalism" which leads away from both. From her rooms comes a hot air, feverish with debate. Here it is always candle-light, with no cold, clear morning to search the shams. Here every woman is in love with the wrong man, and every man in love with the wrong woman. The worst crime is forgivable if the sinner sins wittily. And out of her portrait the presiding genius of this little world looks down the century with the falsest smiling face that ever woman had. For Madame d'Epinay is light to her soul.

As she is also the friend of the great men of a famous age, listens to Voltaire, Grimm, Gallani, Diderot, Duclos, Holbach, Rousseau, and writes memoirs to record what she has heard, she has no slight claim on remembrance.

Louise Florence Pétronille d'Esclavelles is born in 1726. Her father is governor of Valenciennes, and lives there with his wife and child until his death, ten years later. Then Madame brings up the little Louise to Paris for an education; gives her M. d'Affry as a tutor (Louise attaches herself to him

with a charming childish affection) and returns herself to Valenciennes, leaving the little daughter to be brought up with a large party of cousins, by her Aunt and Uncle Bellegarde.

Judiciousness does not seem to be the distinguishing feature of Louise's early training. Madame d'Esclavelles is a severe, righteous woman—hard and fast rules and sharp punishments. She inspires in the little girl the fear which is but too prone to protect itself by white lies. When Louise has been long a married woman, she is still in no small awe of her mother, nay, has, up to the time of Madame's death—though she is a tender daughter and a devoted—the shrinking of the weak nature before the strong.

Uncle Bellegarde seems to be particularly kind, and Aunt Bellegarde distinctly disagreeable. Louise forms devoted youthful friendships with her girl cousins, and writes affectionate, careful letters (careful, remembering he is her dear tutor and won't expect faults of style and expression) to M. d'Affry. Then she goes for a little while to a convent. When she comes out of it she is no longer a child, but a charming girl, not pretty (but then a Frenchwoman does not need beauty to make her attractive), with great, dark eyes in a very pale, thin, animated and expressive face. As there is a boy cousin a good deal at home, Louise, of course, immediately falls in love with him. She confides her passion to his married sisters, who, to do them jus-

tice, warn her quite openly of their brother's real character—of his "rare facility" for lying, his expensive gay tastes, and notoriety for worse wickedness. Louise is not in the least disillusioned, of course. She has the most obstinate youthful infatuation. To be sure this delightful M. de la Live does not at all care for her at present. But he will—he must. M. de la Live—he presently changes his name to d'Epinay—is, in point of fact, not long proof against the very evident admiration of his charming little cousin, and having just, and most conveniently, been made *fermier général*, marries her at St. Roch. Louise is nineteen.

The young pair continue, after the French fashion, to live with M. de Bellegarde. Madame Bellegarde is now dead, so Madame d'Esclavelles has taken her place in the house. The d'Epinays begin their married life with that *abandon* to passion which goes before disenchantment more certainly than pride before a fall. On the very first day they have the most charming coquettish quarrel about rouge. Is Louise to put it on like other women of her time, or not? Mama says No. M. d'Epinay says Yes. Between these two strong-minded people, Louise really can't tell how to act. She gives the most vivacious little account of the scene herself. She is in the heyday of a very brief delight—young, attractive, beloved. One can read between the lines the pleasure of her gay little heart, and can't but feel sad for the happiness that has no stamina to keep it alive.

The pair after a time, and not a little in opposition to the wishes of Madame d'Esclavelles, very naturally like to go out and enjoy themselves. M. d'Epinay seems to take possession of Louise's character, as Mama took possession of it in her childhood. She is just now, at least, more afraid of him than of her mother and, besides, *wants* to go to those balls and parties where her

brightness and vivacity make her more admired than all the regular, dull beauty in Paris. So they ignore Mama's strictness and presently, and in the very greatest excitement, give a ball themselves.

They have been married about a year when Louise discovers, what the warnings of her sisters-in-law failed to make her realize, the true nature of the man she has married. It is difficult to fancy a more contemptible person than this gay, easy, pleasant, extravagant, self-indulgent, light-hearted *fermier général*. M. d'Epinay is never troubled all his life long by a scruple. He has not the faintest sense of responsibility. He is more cheerfully and good-naturedly wicked than any other Frenchman in history. He does not, indeed, plan to avoid right and practise wrong. He simply sees no difference between them.

As Louise is a very young wife and has been, poor soul, happy but such a very short time, the shrieks and faintings with which she first learns of her husband's faithlessness may be well forgiven her. M. Jully, her brother-in-law, comforts her by saying, "What does it signify? He won't love you any less in his heart." M. d'Epinay himself also thinks it really does not matter. Louise always ends by sharing the opinion of the people she is with. So she puts on a very pretty frock and a little color on to her pale cheeks, feels quite bright again, and they all go to a delightful ball at the opera.

She has a better consolation when, in the September of 1746, her little son is born to her. There is a great deal of natural affection in this not very profound little heart, it seems. Madame is delightfully fond and proud of the baby, and wants very much to keep him with her instead of putting him out to be nursed after the unnatural fashion of the time. "Que voilà une

de ces folles idées!" writes M. d'Epinay, who is away making his duty "tour en province." So Louise yields as she always yields. It is while Monsieur is on this tour and his wife is still calling him her "angel," and finding his absence "insupportable," that she discovers by chance one day at a Paris jeweler's that the "angel" has been giving his portrait mounted in pearls to Some Other Person. When she taxes him with this faithlessness when he comes home, he laughs and stops her mouth with a kiss. "What difference does it make to you?" he says (just as M. Jully has said). "However fond I am of others, I shall always be fondest of you." It is a fine consolation. There is not a little significance in the fact that as M. d'Epinay, gay, self-pleased and débonnaire, goes out of the room laughing, M. de Francuelli, who is to play so fatal a part in the wife's life, enters it.

The whole scene is quite characteristic of that "Age of Persiflage," which is even now rushing drunk with wit and pleasure, blinded by its own lightness, its specious talking and evil-doing, upon the naked swords of the Terror.

Louise, since that gay, faithless husband leaves her so much, begins, in a sort of self-defence to form friendships on her own account. There is Madame d'Arty, who has no reputation to speak of, and who, one night, takes Louise (Louise wanting to go, and half afraid, and planning feeble little excuse for her naughtiness in her own mind all the time) to a gay, surreptitious supper with the inspector of the opera. M. d'Epinay is dreadfully angry when he finds out about the adventure. It is not wicked. It is worse. It is *inconvenable*. Of what can Madame d'Arty be thinking? It is Monsieur himself who introduces his wife to the friendship of the notorious Mademoiselle d'Ette, who is so shameless, so clever

and so abandoned—with her exquisite complexion of milk and roses, and her girlish airs of timidity—that of all the base actions of the *fermier général's* life this introduction is, perhaps, the basest.

Mademoiselle takes possession of the little Madame immediately. She establishes herself *chez Epinay*. Monsieur is away. She sits at work with Louise—those endless tapestries and embroideries which are the fashion of the day—looks up from the frame, perhaps, with her beautiful false eyes, to see how much she may dare to say to this weaker woman, for how strong a poison the feeble soul is fit. Louise adores her and confides in her. (Louise goes on adoring and confiding in the latest comer nearly all her life.) Mademoiselle tells her own shameful history; adding, complacently, as comment, "In all that youth and lightness made me do, there is nothing, thank God, for which I need blush."

When M. de Francuelli calls and bends over Louise's little hand and brings to bear upon her very susceptible heart the charms of his cultivated intelligence and of his handsome face, the little devil of the embroidery frame (there is no other word that quite fits Mademoiselle d'Ette) sees the means to get Madame into her power, and uses them. The next day, perhaps, she tells Louise the further true story of M. d'Epinay's infidelities. The wife repudiates the insinuations; listens—doubts—believes. There seems no very specific reason why Mademoiselle should wish to ruin her friend. That Madame dares to be still innocent, while Mademoiselle is corrupt to the core, may be reason enough.

In June, 1747, Louise has a little daughter. By the time she returns to Paris and her husband joins her again, the influence of the friend he has given her has sunk deep into her soul. She complains plaintively of the dreadful

ennui, of having to feign pleasure at the reunion, when she cannot feel it. Their marriage is stripped of the last rag of illusion. From henceforward all intimacy between husband and wife is at an end.

One can well imagine that Louise's frame of mind when she goes to her husband's place, La Chevette, with her children, her father-in-law and his household, is not a little dangerous. She is young, deceived, susceptible. She is under the influence of a bad woman. She is deplorably weak. When M. de Bellegarde invites Francuelli to stay there with them, it must seem like a decree of destiny. But then, as ever, "character is destiny," one must remember.

Francuelli is one of the most brilliant figures of the eighteenth century. He is a musician and an actor of no mean order, and has the finest literary taste and judgment. He is receiver-general, has a large fortune, delightful manners, an agreeable person, and a complete incapacity for any kind of fidelity. He has, at this time, a wife in the background, but she does not seem to count, and is, in fact, dismissed, as it were, from consideration by a man who is once Francuelli's secretary, and is to be the greatest man of his age, in the words *bien laide, bien douce*.

A very vivid imagination is not needed to picture the life at La Chevette. Francuelli teaches Madame composition and harmony. The bright pupil looks up into the tutor's handsome face and learns there what is not written in textbooks. A woman can find, if she likes, a personal application in algebra or in Greek roots. One may be sure Louise is not long in discovering a very human side to the lessons of this brilliant preceptor. She tells him presently—with bewitching tears, no doubt—the history of her husband's falseness. It is hard to say whether she is more charming when she is softly gay or softly sad.

The pair are soon vowing an eternal "pure" and "disinterested friendship." They take long walks when they discuss problems of the heart and soul—the heart and soul meaning, of course, those particular organs which belong to Madame d'Epinay and M. de Francuelli. When they come home after these rambles, half guilty, half happy, there is Mademoiselle d'Ette with her evil smile, knowing everything, and working to the vile end quietly in the background, and M. de Bellegarde good-humored and unconscious.

Everything is against them—the dangerous philosophies both have imbibed, the low public opinion of their age, base friends, bad examples, their own characters. Louise denies herself to the lover for a day or two, weeps, faints and writes, "Go, go; I will never forgive you"—and forgives. It is a very old, shameful story, with the same end always.

There is, perhaps, no worse testimony against Madame d'Epinay than the account she herself gives of this episode in her Memoirs. Her pretty self-complacency is just ruffled. It is as if she would say, "A little imprudent, a little unwise, but so naïve, so impulsive, so warm-hearted!" When M. de Francuelli brings down a little troupe of actors to La Chevette, the charming novelty dismisses from this light soul the last faint shadow of uneasiness which might remain to trouble its peace. Louise is quickly discovered to be the most *piquante* of amateur actresses, with, it is said, something in her voice, eyes, smile, that moves the heart. Madame de Maupeou, her sister-in-law, is also delightfully *piquante* in the part of a servant, Lisette—so *piquante*, in fact, that Monsieur de Maupeou forbids her to act any more. (The attitude of most of these wives towards their husbands is pretty well described by Francuelli when he writes to Louise, "C'est que votre mari est un monstre et

vous une adorable créature.") The young people rehearse and coquet and amuse themselves very well indeed. M. de Bellegarde and Madame d'Esclavelles permit the frivolity in the hope that it may distract Louise from the melancholy thoughts of her husband's infidelity.

She is sufficiently distracted, it seems. The play is a comedy entitled "L'Engagement téméraire;" and one night Francueil presents to the troupe the author, one Jean-Jacques Rousseau, "as poor as Job, and with wit and vanity enough for four." Rousseau is at this time thirty-seven years old—coward, liar, sensualist, genius. It is only the genius which Madame d'Epinay and her friends regard. That covers all sins. The charming *comédiennes* flatter him, no doubt, to the top of his bent, and he answers them after his kind, with brutality and insult, so that they must needs worship the more. Through his comedy runs all the time that other comedy of the loves of Francueil and Louise, and in the background, watching always, Mademoiselle d'Ette writes her view of the proceedings to her Chevalier Vallory.

Among the easy lies which steal into these Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay there are, most naturally, also many suppressions of fact. In 1750 is born her daughter Pauline, whom Madame, with but too good reasons, tries to confuse with the child born in 1747. But if it is the consequences of evil-doing which ruin reputation, it is the evil itself which ruins the soul. It seems to matter very little whether in such a case Madame speaks the truth or not. The sin is sinned.

It is in this same year that Louise is introduced to the society of Mademoiselle Quinault. The Quinault is a wit, entirely without a moral sense and with a taste for clever company and doubtful jokes. Francueil calls her "la Ninon du siècle." At her house, twice

a week, meet a little party as clever as any in Paris. Here, one night is M. Duclos, who is to be Secretary of the Academy and historiographer of France, and who is already the man who can, or at any rate does, say anything—trenchant, despotic, domineering. Here is the Marquis de Saint-Lambert—soldier, poet, philosopher, cultivated man of the world, and lover of that Madame d'Houdetot, Louise's sister-in-law, who is afterwards the original of Rousseau's "Julie" in "Héloïse." Louise herself brings to the party ("we were only five") youth, charm, sympathy; that engaging weakness that always makes her agree with the last speaker; and that accommodating conscience that is hurt by no vileness prettily expressed. The Quinault's little niece is sent away at the dessert. One wants to say everything that comes into one's head. The hostess is not going to have any restriction on her coarse pleasant-ries. When the conversation turns on the decency of going without clothes, Louise weakly thinks for a minute the subject a little unsuitable—"but then, M. de St.-Lambert puts into it reflections so grave, so exalted!" The remark is inimitably characteristic of the woman. A little new poem by Voltaire is introduced presently—on whose merits the little gathering differs charmingly—and another evening, when Rousseau is of the company, they discuss atheism. They touch all subjects with a cleverness not a little seductive and extraordinary, and express their theories with such a brilliancy that there is no wonder that the theorists as well as their listeners are too dazzled to see the truth. It is only Rousseau (though he is a beast, he has something of the freedom and naturalness of a beast of the field) who brings into this world of shams and artifices that enthusiastic earnestness which characterizes all his emotions while they last.

"As for me," says he, "I believe in

God." And when St-Lambert speaks of such a faith as the origin of all the follies, "Messieurs," says Rousseau, "if you say another word, I go." And later, "I cannot bear this rage for destruction. . . . The idea of a God is necessary to happiness."

Louise is on the side of faith, too. But "we only believe as deep as we live" after all. She has a charming fit of repentance presently for her poor, light, little life; confesses all the "chagrins que m'avait donné mon mari" to the Abbé Martin; for a few days wants dreadfully to be a Carmelite, and is a little deterred from the plan by the Abbé telling her that God is not to be made a *pis aller*, and a great deal deterred by the fact that the world (where says M. Martin, lies her duty) is really more attractive after all.

By this time M. d'Epinay's extravagances have necessitated a *séparation de biens* between husband and wife. Madame now begins to receive her friends regularly twice a week for music, and to read or play comedies. Duclos comes to stay at La Chevette, half falls in love with Louise and gets her quite into his coarse power by making her tell him the story of her love for Francuelli. Mademoiselle d'Ette, who is still *chez Epinay*, hates Duclos, and fights him, as it were, for the mastery over the little Madame. Louise is the shuttlecock between two players. If she were a good woman her weakness would ruin her past hope. As it is—

Francuelli grows cold presently, which, with his temperament, might very well have been expected. Louise weeps over his coldness to Mademoiselle d'Ette, looks up through tears, and sees—or thinks she sees—that Mademoiselle herself has a passion for Francuelli. Louise is soon writing (very likely not at all unjustly) of that dearest confidante and bosom friend: "Who knows if she is not now my husband's

spy? . . . I have so many reasons to suspect her."

At a supper party at Madame Jully's, Francuelli, who is intoxicated, drops a note Louise has given him in front of M. d'Epinay. The hostess, who has had on her own account a pretty little experience in intrigue, picks up the note and saves the situation. It is thought that M. d'Epinay has incited Francuelli to drink in order that he may make admissions derogatory to Louise. It may be true, perhaps. In this society nothing is too vile to be possible. Madame's intimates are now Rousseau, Gauffecourt, Duclos, Madame de Jully, Chevallier Vallory and Mademoiselle d'Ette. In that list there is no person clean, honorable or virtuous. It is not until Rousseau introduces Grimm to the party (though even Grimm, Heaven knows, does not reach an over-exalted standard of moral perfection) that one feels one can breathe at all in that tainted air.

Grimm is at this time still a young man. He is the friend of Holbach and Diderot, as well as of Rousseau. He is of German extraction with some of the solidity of the Teutonic character, combined with the taste and polish of the Frenchman. He is already an *habitué* of the salons of Madame Geoffrin and the Duke of Orleans. He is the favorite of Catharine of Russia, and has begun his "Correspondance Littéraire." In character he seems to be strong, melancholy and reserved—the man who is, as it were, always superior to the situation, hard and excellent in counsel, fixed in idea, cool and wise in judgment, firm, clear-seeing and ambitious.

Since Louise has now broken with her lover, as her lover, it is inevitable that she should fall under a new command.

It would seem to be in the nature of the noblest women, as the weakest, never to know rest or happiness until they have met their master. Only in the one case it is too hard to find him,

and in the other too easy. One may be thankful that it is Grimm who now dominates this little Madame, instead of another d'Epinay or a Francueil.

She begins by asking him to her concerts. He has a passionate love of music, as well as that cultivated taste for art, science and literature. One night he hears her name insulted, fights a duel for its honor (alas! poor, soiled little name), is wounded and has earned her gratitude forever. Duclos, who tyrannizes over her, hates Grimm, as may be imagined. Francueil, who still visits at La Chevette, may be, in his heart, not too much his friend. "But," says Madame, easily, "we led a very charming life." M. de Francueil came as often as M. Grimm. "Ils se partageaient même de fort bon accord les soins qu'ils voulaient bien se donner pour l'instruction de mes enfants." There is no sentence in history, perhaps, which reveals so total a depravity of all moral sense as this one. It is Grimm, but not Louise, who does at last object to the situation, and, having forced her to quarrel with Duclos, suggests that Francueil shall no longer be a guest at her house.

With her connection with Grimm (it lasts till her death) begins the least unworthy part of her life. If he loves her he loves his career and ambition better. But he rules her. And on her side she has that wholesome fear of him which often keeps a fickle nature constant.

It is in 1756 that Madame d'Epinay offers Rousseau the famous "Hermitage"—the little house situated near La Chevette, on the borders of the forest of Montmorency, and belonging to M. d'Epinay. Rousseau responds to the offer after this manner: "Do you want to make me a valet, a dependent, with your gift?" says he—and takes it.

Madame has now the satisfaction of seeing every day the greatest scoundrel and genius of the time. Here is the man at once mean and great, lower

than the beasts in his instincts, and with aspirations reaching to the gods. Here he is, very vile, but not wholly vile; mixed in the basest intrigues, vain, mad, morbid, lying, treacherous, and yet with ideals not all ignoble, and a rugged earnestness not to be denied.

Madame's pleasure at being so nearly in touch with a celebrity can never be quite unalloyed. The celebrity is, from the first, consistently rude and ungrateful, taking offence where no offence is meant, piqued, childish, ridiculous, and obstinately seeing the world *en noir*. To La Chevette come constantly Desmahis, Saint-Lambert, Gauffecourt, Monsieur Jully. Louise, gaily playful, calls them "mes ours;" and Grimm her "Tyran Le Blanc." "Tyran Le Blanc" is called away presently by his duties; and Louise, on some ill-fated day, introduces that charming sister-in-law of hers, Madame d'Houdetot, at the Hermitage.

Hitherto the relationship between the Hermit and Madame d'Epinay has been a kind of coquettish friendship. If Rousseau is a little bit in love with Madame (and he always falls in love—save the mark!—with any woman with whom he is brought much in contact), Louise, for all her "Tyran Le Blanc," is not the woman to object to the admiration. It seems pretty certain that she feels a little betrayed when Jean-Jacques finds in the sister-in-law the Julie of his "Nouvelle Héloïse" in the flesh, and worships at the shrine of a woman who is neither modish nor beautiful, and is already provided (though, to be sure, that does not count much in these times) with both husband and lover. Louise is thrown back upon herself. There is a coldness. Then she sends Rousseau some flannel for a waistcoat—to restore warmth one may suppose. There is a deeper coldness. Then an angry flame about a letter. If there is anything duller than details of old intrigues it is the details

of old quarrels. It may be safely assumed that Rousseau is in the wrong (he has a talent for being in that position) and that Louise is inconsequent and imprudent as usual. One may well pity her. Her Tyrant has joined the army at the bidding of the Duke of Orleans. She writes to him that when he is with her he inspires her with that feeling of security which a child has resting on its mother's breast. There are a thousand dangers and difficulties about her loneliness. Her father-in-law, who cared for her, is dead. She has certainly no wisdom or judgment of her own to rely on. She impetuously confides in everybody, as she has always done, and her confidences are, very naturally, betrayed. She is supposed to inform the Marquis de Saint-Lambert of Rousseau's passion for his mistress. Perhaps she really does; she denies the insinuation so warmly. Everybody seems to get mixed up in the quarrel, and all act after their own natures, which are bad. Its first vehemence dies out a little. But Rousseau, who still keeps her gift—the *Hermitage*—defames the giver with a matchless foulness in his "Confessions." From that effect of her folly, even Grimm (who, from his letters, would seem to be the only person who brings any reason and common sense into the dispute) cannot save her. All the time Madame has been writing him plaintive little lying letters (giving her own convenient, plausible views of the situation and her conduct), which deceive herself, but not her lover or the world.

In 1757 she goes to Geneva, partly on account of money troubles and partly to consult the famous Dr. Tronchin. She leaves Grimm behind her, at war with Rousseau and revising the first volumes of the famous *Encyclopædia* with Diderot. With her go her son and Linant, his tutor. (Louise is always a good mother, according to her lights,

and aptly described as one of those women "who write moral treatises on education in the brief leisure left them by their lovers.") She establishes herself then at Geneva under Tronchin, and lives there a life very modest and simple. She has her mornings to herself, dines *en famille*, and after dinner receives till seven or eight. She walks a good deal in the public gardens. She has always been fond of walking, and Tronchin, who is greatly in advance of his age in his views upon health, recommends the exercise to his lazy and ladylike patients. The little society of Geneva is very pleasant and honest, Madame finds. One plays cards, does needlework, has a little music, takes tea after the English fashion, and visits one's friends in the afternoons. Isn't this better than La Chevette and Mademoiselle d'Ette (Madame has completely broken with the d'Ette by now), and the uneasy years of intrigue and passion that made up her youth?

When Grimm comes to Geneva for an eight months' stay, during which he and Louise work together at the "*Correspondance Littéraire*," she is perhaps as happy as she has ever been in her life. She presently makes the acquaintance of Voltaire, who calls her his Beautiful Philosopher, and plays with her (all men regard Louise as a clever little toy, it seems) when she becomes a constant visitor at Les Délices, while she, on her side, speaks of that "withered Pontiff of Encyclopædism" as more amiable, more gay and more extravagant than at fifteen.

When she returns to Paris, after an absence of two years, Rousseau has left the *Hermitage*. Grimm has been nominated envoy to Frankfort, and she finds a resource from boredom and solitude in the friendship of Diderot and the Salon of Baron Holbach, and that "*Correspondance Littéraire*," which is Grimm's true title to glory, and which has as its aim to render foreign princes

an account of the art, science, literature, wit and mental progress of Paris.

Madame d'Epinay is now past youth. Her mother is dead. Her daughter, Pauline, is married. M. d'Epinay, of whom Diderot says that he ran through two millions of money without saying a kind word or doing a good action to anybody, is completely bankrupt. Madame takes a very small house, establishes her Salon, and reconquers that world, which through bad health, damaged reputation and long absence she has lost. She is now, perhaps, both morally and mentally her best. The quick temptations of youth have left her. And this is the woman, alas! who is only good when there is no incitement to be bad. It must be said of her that she has shown not a little pluck and spirit in the face of poverty and difficulties. Her fickleness has Grimm's strength to support it. Her sympathy with literature makes an honest interest for her. If she is still something of the gay little liar, bright, volatile, intriguing, who began the world as Louise d'Esclavelles, that is because life, though it develops character, seldom alters it.

The Salon of Madame d'Epinay has that characteristic common to nearly all the Salons—its presiding genius is neither young, beautiful, wealthy, nor even well educated.

A woman, in fact, always influences not by how much she knows, but by how much she feels. In the gatherings of this little Louise, at any rate, the gravest subjects are discussed and threshed out. After the *touresse* and folly of the Regency, gravity has suddenly become the mode. The most frivolous women are profoundly absorbed in political economy and philanthropy. Philosophic ideas are daily gaining ground. To-day one is evolving a new religion—some fine religion of Humanity, which works out beautifully in talk or on paper, and in prac-

tice leads to Candelle, Goddess of Reason. To this Salon comes almost the whole diplomatic corps. Baron Gleichen, Lord Stormont (the Ambassador of Great Britain), Caraccioli, Diderot, Gallani and the ill-fated Marquis de Mora, are here almost every night. Louise listens equally charmingly to them all. Is she a humbug? Hardly. She has only that most dangerous gift—the power of seeing things exactly as the last speaker sees them. When this man is talking philosophy to her she is an impassioned philosopher. With a theologian she has a *culte* for religions. To be sympathetic it is not necessary to *know* much of a man's work and aims, but essential to catch his enthusiasm for them, to respond to fervor with fervor, and to realize that what one's dearest hope is to oneself this man's career or philosophy or ambition is to him.

If even Madame d'Epinay has this gift in a less degree than some of her rival Salonnières, that she has it in a very marked degree is not to be doubted.

In the early days of 1775 appear in print her "Conversations d'Emilie," which are, in fact, literal reproductions of conversations she has had with a certain dear little granddaughter, her daughter's child. The book, though it is really a book of education, is only another proof that nature and naturalness are always delightful. Little Emilie's replies have the innocent *naïveté* of childhood and all the freshness of truth. Madame d'Epinay's talent as a writer is, indeed, like the literary talent of nearly all women, and lies in this work, as in her "Mémoires," in reproduction and observation, and not in invention. "Emilie" is smiled on by Voltaire in his old age at Ferney, and by that cleverest of women, the Empress Catharine of Russia. Diderot, Grimm, Gleichen and Gallani praise its gaiety and originality, and,

in 1778, it goes, to every one's satisfaction, into a new edition.

Before this time Madame d'Epinay's health, never robust, has begun to cause her friends great anxiety. She would seem, like many delicate people, to bear, and to have always borne, her physical sufferings very pluckily. The little Emilie is with her a great deal. Grimm, never impassioned, is yet always faithful. He has an extraordinary attachment for the grandchild, which, perhaps, brings him the more often to see Louise. In 1777 she hears of Francuelli's marriage to a daughter of Marshal Saxe. (Of this marriage is born a son, Maurice Dupin, who is the father of Madame George Sand.) In 1778 Louise sees in Paris Voltaire, now near his death. Rousseau (whose "Confessions" have had so fatal an effect upon her good name) does not long survive him. It is Madame's part, though she is herself not an old woman, to watch the going of almost all the acquaintances of her youth. Her situation is very lonely. Her husband's death does not make it any lonelier, perhaps. Her son is wild—after such an upbringing and amid such examples how should he not be? Her daughter has her own life to lead. What must be the feelings of the woman with death in the near future and that wasted existence to look back at in the past?

Is it repentance, agony, remorse, terror, that she suffers in these lonely hours of sickness and solitude? It would not seem to be so. After all, "one can be but what one is."

The dying woman faces the great mystery with, at least, something of that *légèreté* with which the coquette of La Chevrete faced life. A sinner? Well, perhaps. But not half such a great sinner as most of one's acquaintance! If one lives self-deceived one may well die so.

Madame is removed presently to a little house at Chaillot, and there from

her sick bed composes and sends to Grimm, with a lock of her hair, the verses which begin:

Les voilà, ces cheveux que le temps a
blanchis;
D'une longue union ils sont pour nous
le gage.

She has friends and relatives about her to the end. Her last correspondence is with that chief of all the Encyclopædists, d'Alembert. And then her "Conversations" attain the supreme honor of being crowned by the *Académie Française*. So that she dies smiling as she has lived.

* * * * *

Her "Memoirs," which are chiefly known to English people through Sydney Smith's brilliant critique, owe their great claim to fame in the vivid pictures they give of Rousseau, Duclos, Voltaire, and many other minor celebrities. They are written in a style very bright, easy and vivacious. They record not a few inimitable conversations (as in the two scenes at Mademoiselle Quinault's), and here and there a memorable axiom. They present strikingly the life and manners of the day. Further than this they are worth little.

These are the "Memoirs" of false names and suppressions. Madame invents a tutor to tell the story of the charming Emilie, and only tells the truth about her because she does not perceive how damning that truth is. When, indeed, the conduct of this heroine has been too obviously shameless even for her to think it virtuous, she appeals very prettily from the reader's judgment and moral sense to that much more gullible thing, his feelings. The whole book is full of very brightly written details of very dull intrigues; of sordid details of bankruptcy and creditors; of minute details of old quarrels; of loathsome details of sickness and sin. If one wants to keep intact a

faith in noble aims, in self-devotion, and in that spirit which has made some put honor first and pleasure a great way after, one will not read Madame d'Epinau. But if one is a pessimist about human nature and wants his pessimism confirmed, he can hardly do better than study this lively account of

Longman's Magazine.

the littleness and meanness of great men and of a great age; while the historian will certainly find a niche in the temple of fame for the woman who depicts so vividly, because so unconsciously, the crying need in her class and time of that cleansing by fire, the French Revolution.

S. G. Tallentyre.

THE LAZARUS OF EMPIRE.

The Celt, he is proud in his protest,
The Scot, he is calm in his place,
For each has a word in the ruling and doom
Of the Empire that honors his race;
And the Englishman, dogged and grim,
Looks the world in the face as he goes,
And he holds a proud lip, for he sails his own ship,
For he cares not for rivals nor foes—
But lowest and last, with his areas vast,
And horizon so servile and tame,
Sits the poor beggar Colonial,
Who feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

He knows no place in her councils,
He holds no part in the word
That girdles the world with its thunders
When the fiat of Britain is heard—
He beats no drums to her battles,
He gives no triumphs her name,
But lowest and last, with his areas vast,
He feeds on the crumbs of her fame.

How long, oh, how long, the dishonor,
The servile and suppliant place?
Are we Britons who batten upon her,
Or degenerate sons of the race?
It is souls that make nations, not numbers,
As our forefathers proved in the past.
Let us take up the burden of empire,
Or nail our own flag to the mast.
Doth she care for us, value us, want us,
Or are we but pawns in the game;
Where, lowest and last, with our areas vast,
We feed on the crumbs of her fame?

W. Wilfred Campbell.

MR. BLACKMORE AND "THE MAID OF SKER."

It is common report that "The Maid of Sker," and not "Lorna Doone," was of all his novels the late Mr. Blackmore's favorite, and many have been puzzled by his preference. There was much, however, to account for it in the circumstances under which the novel was written, though perhaps it was more especially due to the pride which Mr. Blackmore felt in the drawing of one of the chief characters. To me it would seem that only those who are well acquainted with South Wales and its people can fully realize the genius which inspires the book. I have lived for several years past just two miles away from the "vast lonely house" of Sker and in the very parish of Newton Nottage, where Davy Llewellyn schemed and poached; and my love for the book, which began in the old novel room of the Oxford Union some twenty-five years ago, has of late been ever deepened and widened, till it is no longer to me a subject of wonder that Mr. Blackmore set "The Maid of Sker" on the highest pinnacle of his esteem.

The Maid herself is a delightful character, and as Mr. Blackmore drew the infantile ways and prattle of Bardie from a favorite niece, it was natural for him to regard her with a particular affection. But the masterpiece of the book is Davy Llewellyn. To say that he is a typical Welshman, would be an insult to Wales, which has far nobler types of character to boast of; yet, nowhere else than in Wales could exactly such a character be found, for he is as truly Welsh as Sir Hugh Evans, with whom he has several points in common. But, saving Shakespeare's reverence, Blackmore's picture is even better than his, and such as needed the combination of rare qualities of apprecia-

tion in the artist. A Welshman might have understood Davy as well, but he would have been to him too familiar a type to deserve artistic treatment; whereas an ordinary Englishman would have sketched Davy as an unredeemable villain. Blackmore, with rare insight, saw him exactly as he was, and recognized his possibilities. About Newton Nottage people will tell you that Davy Llewellyn was a well-known Newton poacher, and will point out where his house, lately pulled down, once stood by the village-green and facing the ancient church. They will show you the inns that he frequented, the *Jolly Sailors*, and the *Welcome to Town*, next door to the chapel, which are unaltered. But they see nothing wonderful in the portrait of Davy; it is to them a mere transcript of fact, tricked out with some foolish embellishments. Blackmore did not even change the name of his original; he only transferred him to an earlier generation and introduced him to picturesque adventures. But in taking an ordinary and every day character from the real life of a Welsh village, he has, by the force of genius, invested it with a peculiar charm. "The humble but warm-hearted Cambrian," garrulous and conceited, proud of his ancestor, the bard, and of his Welsh nationality, but ever ready to serve his own interest and not overscrupulous as to the methods of doing so; skilful in selling fish with a gamesome odor; cautious and crafty and subtle as any Boer; submissive to his betters, but, when provoked, dangerous (take, for instance, "his righteous action" of burning Parson Chowne's ricks), an arrant poacher, and with a weakness for rum and water,—is yet withal brave, upright according to his standards, a good Church and

State man, popular generally with his neighbors (except Sandy Macraw), kind to his Polly, and above all is one who loves little children and whom little children love. It was by no means easy to make so complex a character attractive, yet while we shake our heads at Davy's weaknesses, we love him the more for them. We, like Miss Carey, even rejoice at the wild justice of his revenge on Chowne, and chuckle with him over his forcible conquest of Brother Hezekiah Perkins; nay, so good-natured do we become to his failings, that we not only believe at last that he out-maneuvred Chowne, but are not offended by his hint that his was the genius that won the battle of the Nile.

But there was probably another cause for Blackmore's partiality, besides his fondness for the characters of his favorite novel. The district of Newton Nottage was one in which he spent some of his happiest days, when he saw his youth before him and possessed the fullest and keenest capacity of enjoyment afforded by a nature that was always eminently sensitive to enjoyment. At Nottage Court he often spent his vacations when he was an undergraduate of Exeter College, Oxford, and there he began to write "*The Maid of Sker*." It was then owned by his uncle, the Reverend Henry Hey Knight, who was a scholar and antiquary of considerable repute, and it is at this day in the occupation of Mr. Blackmore's cousins. It is an old Elizabethan house with a chequered history, and at one time was owned by a certain Cradock Nowell, whose memorial tablet is still conspicuous on the wall of Newton Church, and whose name, at least, must be familiar to lovers of the novelist and to readers of old volumes of Macmillan's Magazine. Another name connected with the house is that of Lougher, from a branch of which family Blackmore himself was

descended. Colonel Lougher will be remembered as the good squire of Candleston Court, whom Davy Llewellyn esteemed "one of the finest and noblest men" it was ever his hap to meet. The name of Candleston is taken from an old ruined castle not far away from Newton Church, and though there was no Colonel Lougher living at the time of the battle of the Nile, there was a somewhat notable descendant of the Lougher family then resident in the neighborhood, Colonel Knight of Tythegston Court. Tythegston Court is a fine mansion, still owned by relations of Blackmore, two miles from Newton on the other side of Danygraig Hill, or, as Davy Llewellyn calls it, "Newton Down, where the glow-worms are most soft and sweet."

Nottage Court is a veritable museum of curiosities, the most remarkable of which is some old tapestry brought from Tewkesbury Abbey. But lovers of Blackmore would look with even greater interest upon an antique oak bedstead, finely carved with figures of Joseph and his brethren, on which the novelist himself often slept, and on which his father died during sleep, and upon some chessmen which Blackmore himself turned, for chess was always a great hobby of his. Nor would they despise some relics of the old Dissenting divine, hymn-writer and epigrammatist, Dr. Doddridge, whose granddaughter was the grandmother of Richard Doddridge Blackmore. His chair and a copy of Hickeys's "*Devotions*," with notes in his own handwriting, are among these. The book belonged to his daughter Mercy, and suggests curious reflections, for its contents are of a much higher type of churchmanship than would be usually acceptable in a Dissenting household.

Nottage Court stands at the eastern extremity of the quaint hamlet of Nottage, whose houses are huddled together like a brood of little chickens

crowding for protection beside their mother-hen. Nottage itself stands at the apex of a triangle, and at the angles of its base are the other two villages of Newton and Porthcawl, which, with Nottage, make up the parish of Newton Nottage. Porthcawl boasts a harbor, a railway station, a large hotel and other modern improvements, and has more than a local reputation for its exceedingly bracing air. But with all these advantages it is deplorably modern, and Newton and Nottage look down upon it from the dizzy height of their antiquity. Davy Llewellyn could not have lived at Porthcawl; it would not have suited a man of his ancient lineage, though it was good enough for Sandy Macraw, whom local tradition identifies with one McBride, whose relations still live and flourish there. As was in former times the difference between the Welsh bard and the envious Scotchman, such is still the difference between the autochthonous aristocracy of Newton and the democratic aliens and immigrants of its upstart rival. But perhaps we are more tolerant now than our predecessors. There was no love lost between Davy Llewellyn and Sandy Macraw; Sandy would not have been disinclined to get rid of his rival. One day when he, that is McBride, was attending a cousin of Blackmore's, who was shooting on the sandhills, they chanced to catch Davy poaching, and McBride "half in fun and half in malice," shouted to his companion to shoot him. We do not now meditate shooting Newton people.

I have mentioned Porthcawl, because it was the home of Sandy Macraw, and also, because apart from "The Maid of Sker," its name is more generally known than that of Newton Nottage. It lies on the Glamorganshire coast, some thirty miles west of Cardiff and twenty southeast of Swansea. Sker House is two miles westward, and its loneliness is now relieved by troops

of golf-players, for there are excellent links in its neighborhood. The name should be pronounced *Scare*. Blackmore took his title from a Welsh love-song written in the last century by a harper of Newton concerning one of the daughters of the tenant of Sker House. When Delushy calls herself *Y Ferch o'r Scer* in answer to Sir Philip Bampfylde's inquiry, she uses the Welsh title of the song.

It is, however, with Newton, next to Nottage, that Blackmore himself was more particularly connected, for one of his uncles was rector of the parish and ministered in its old church, and in Newton churchyard his father lies buried. The inscription on the gravestone, written by Blackmore himself in that rhythmic, half metrical prose, which is characteristic of much of his work, is worth quoting.

I. H. S. After three-score years and four, spent, from infancy to age, in labor, faith, and piety, the Reverend John Blackmore, of Ashford in the County of Devon, was borne in his sleep to that repose which awaiteth the children of God. September 24th or 25th, 1858.

The grave stands in an exquisitely pretty spot; the old Norman church with its massive tower looks over the churchyard with its graves planted often with fragrant flowers, and over the green outside, where the geese gabble and the children play, even as Bardie and Bunny played of old. The well of St. John the Baptist, famed from ancient time for its curious ebb and flow, is hard by on the edge of the sandhills; but old Davy could not now sit there with his cronies and the children around him, nor can children go down the steps to draw water, for the well is fastened up, and the water is drawn from an ugly pump outside. Eastward and southward stretch the brown wastes of the sandhills, grim

and lonesome, and yet at times not without a strange beauty of their own. Though in winter little grows on them but long pale reeds and a little herbage with long patches of bright yellowish-green moss, and here and there a purplish spurge, later on wild pansies help to clothe their nakedness, and there are hollows that are the home of innumerable white violets; and in summer they are bright with the purplish blue of the viper's bugloss, and the gray-green leaves of the yellow poppy, and the lovely burnet roses. Eastward they rise higher, like South African *kopjes*, and there is a wilderness of sand, to cross which on a hot summer's day is to gain some idea of the heat of the tropics. And ever near are the waters of the Bristol Channel, beyond which stand forth the bright hills of Somerset and Devon. It would have been strange indeed if so striking a scene had not impressed a man so sensitive to Nature's various aspects as was Blackmore; nor is it wonderful that he should have given the first place in his esteem to a work portraying so skilfully the rare scenes and characters of a neighborhood that otherwise, from different causes, must have held a high place in his affections.

It cannot be said that "The Maid of Sker" is popular in the parish of Newton Nottage. There are two small circulating libraries at Porthcawl, but neither of them contains it, though "Lorna Doone" and "Alice Lorraine" are there, and we boast our acquaintance with the novels of popular authors, which it is fashionable to read. Occasionally, indeed, a copy of "The Maid of Sker" may be seen in a shop-window, but this is rather a concession to the needs of visitors than the response to a demand from Porthcawl itself, and it is a rare event. Visitors learn nothing of the book from the guide to Porthcawl, although this is a creditable production of its class, writ-

ten by a professional man who knows the district well, and records other literary matters connected therewith; but of Blackmore and his novel he utters never a syllable. An article on Porthcawl, written by one of ourselves, was recently published in a magazine much esteemed in Wales; it mentioned all other points that tend to our glory and honor, but was silent about "The Maid of Sker." I used once to marvel at this policy of silence, but I do so now no longer; it must be acknowledged that as a rule we mildly resent the book. "Yes, I have read Blackmore," said one of us, the other day, "but I don't think much of him. There is a lot of bosh in 'The Maid of Sker,' making out as if we were all a set of poachers here. 'Lorna Doone' is better; but for characters give me Dickens." I am afraid that the general verdict of such portion of the parish as has read the book would endorse this statement that it contains a "lot of bosh;" but it is probably considered more patriotic not to read it at all; I have certainly never seen it in any other house than my own and I should be inclined to estimate the total number of copies in the whole parish, which contains some eighteen hundred inhabitants, as less than a dozen. For we do not consider Davy Llewellyn a credit to so ancient and historic a parish as ours; his poaching and his weakness for selling gamesome fish stick in our throats, and there are also remarks in the novel, such as that respecting a Welsh hurrah ("as good as the screech of a wild-cat trapped"), which are held to be dishonoring to Wales. Some over-curious persons, too, have asked whether one or two characters, even less respectable than Davy Llewellyn, had their originals in our parish, a question which we deem grossly impertinent. We acknowledge Davy Llewellyn and Sandy Macraw, but we confess to no more. When rash intruding folk question us closely on

various points, we say that the incidents of the book are so familiar to us that we have never troubled to read it through, and we change the conversation.

Our attitude in Newton Nottage is reflected in Wales generally. It is an axiom with some Welshmen that no Englishman can really understand Welsh life and character, and Davy Llewellyn, lovable as he is despite all his trickiness, is not a type which such readily admit to be accurate. Daniel Owen's realistic sketches of Calvinistic life in North Wales, clear, true and unpoetical as photographs, and Allen Raine's tender and graceful idylls of Cardiganshire villages are read and appreciated; but "*The Maid of Sker*" is ignored by Welsh opinion. Yet, as a Welsh lady has told me that she has failed to read the book through because it contains too much of Davy Llewellyn and she knows too many Davy Llewellyns already and heartily dislikes them, the reason for the low esteem of "*The Maid of Sker*" in Wales may be not necessarily lack of appreciation, but an appreciation that is too vivid. It is a kindly picture, after all, that Blackmore has drawn; Daniel Owen has drawn a much harsher one of a tricky Welshman. But Wales yet awaits her novelist; for she has nobler types than any novelist has yet attempted. Shakespeare alone has been able to give us not merely Sir Hugh Evans, who is common "*Welsh flannel*," but Fluellen, the valorous gentleman, and Glendower, the mystic seer, who could call spirits from the vasty deep. Blackmore knew the Welsh gentleman, and the hand that sketched good Colonel Lougher might have done more than it did; amid heroic circumstances Colonel Lougher would have been heroic; but Blackmore would have stopped short of investing a Welsh hero with Celtic glamor and mystery, for his genius had its limitations. It is, perhaps,

only in the Mabinogion, and some lyrics of the Welsh poets, that one can find literary expression of the beauty of the ideal Welshman of perfect stature. Giraldus Cambrensis knew Wales well, and he never uttered anything truer than his judgment that when a Welshman was good he was better than the good men of other races, and when he was bad he was worst of all. Even in the drab existence of the present day there are spots of brilliant color in Welsh life, though perhaps the background of the historic novel would suit best the pictures of the ideal hero of Wales.

Of Blackmore himself I can say but little. Newton Nottage never knew him; it thinks nothing of him now, and knows not and recks not what the world outside thinks. In Nottage Court, however, his memory is beloved. It is quite true that he ranked high his later work, "*Springhaven*." He told one of his cousins that he considered it the best of his books, a judgment which is not necessarily opposed to the general report that "*The Maid of Sker*" was his favorite. But he rarely talked of his writings, even to his relations. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous and incongruous, and he detested fussy pretentious people, and if forced to see them, was glum, taciturn, and miserable in their company, though afterwards he would laugh over his experience.

At Nottage Court there is a photograph taken of him in his later years, that appears to me very characteristic. He is seated under a canopy of vines laden with magnificent grapes, and as he is but a small figure in the corner of the photograph, while the greater space is occupied by the vinery and the vines, it is a little difficult at first to decide to which it is designed to direct the attention, to the cultivator or to his crops. But it is the figure on which one settles at last, with its expression

of quietude and satisfaction, sitting in solitude in the great vinery. It is the husbandman rejoicing in the labor of his hands, sitting much as the old Hebrew sat under his own vine and under his own fig-tree. The picture is symbolic of the shy and reserved Blackmore, who lived apart from men and cities, who would direct attention to his works rather than to himself, but who must yet be recognized in his aloofness to be even greater than his works. As it is, the picture is harmonious; but few other literary men of

our age could be substituted for that tranquil figure without grotesqueness. Even its pose is not that which we are accustomed to see in illustrated interviews. His was the hidden life, still and dignified in the midst of a vulgar, self-advertising generation. But the goodness that pervaded and animated it cannot be hid; it lives forever in his writings, and makes them as bracing and wholesome as the breezes that blow, even now as I write, straight from the Atlantic Ocean around the lonely grange of Sker.

Macmillan's Magazine.

E. J. Newell.

IN PRAISE OF BOOKS.

Speaking to me once of the catalogue of books of a departed friend which were about to be sold by auction, the late Dr. Percy, the famous author of "Metallurgy," himself an indefatigable collector of books and prints, expressed surprise, not unmingled with disapprobation, at the number of editions of the same work with which the deceased had burdened his shelves. The utterance of one whom I regarded as a sage gave me pause. His remarks had a personal application of which he was unaware. I was myself, and am still, an offender, if offence there be, in the same direction. I like several editions of the same book, if it is a good one, and I venture to ask the book-lovers among my readers—and for their own sakes I hope they are all book-lovers—whether I am wrong. To those who, having read or skimmed a book, throw it away, as I have somewhere read was the custom of the first Napoleon, I have nothing to say. I cannot even get near the mind of the man who, except through poverty, obtains from a circulating library any books except novels or works too costly or extensive

for private shelves. I am for once addressing those to whom books are friends, who would have a library if they could afford space and money, and who would no sooner think of returning to the circulating library Lamb's Letters or Keats's Poems than they would of boarding out their children or of sending their best friend, when he visited their village or town, to stay at the public-house, while they had a room vacant.

If some of the observations I make seem extravagant or futile to a portion of my readers, I am sorry. To me the gossip of certain men concerning books is the quintessence of delight; and though I cannot claim to edify or to charm like a Russell Lowell or an Austin Dobson, I hope that there are readers who, when they have not the pick of companionship, will not despise a chat concerning matters of interest with a man of average intelligence. To me books in every shape and of almost every kind appeal. With Charles in "The Elder Brother" of Fletcher I would say:

Give me leave
 To enjoy myself; the place that does
 contain
 My books, the best companions, is to
 me
 A glorious court, where hourly I con-
 verse
 With the old sages and philosophers.

I wish I dare quote more from this fine play. An eloquent and a profoundly interesting book might indeed be made from the praises of books that have been said or sung by our great ones. I am not sure that something of the kind has not been done and that I have not the work somewhere, if I could lay hands upon it, on my own overburdened shelves. My theory concerning books is that every work worth reading and studying—mind, I don't say skimming—is worth possessing. Did any real student of literature, except one so poor as to be compelled, like Erasmus, to read by moonlight in order to save the expense of a candle, ever read Shakespeare in a borrowed volume? How many people have perused "*Atalanta in Calydon*" or "*Poems and Ballads*" in a library copy? I accept, of course, the poor; and my sympathies go out to one compelled to read a work of the class in the British Museum, or even it may be—such things have been known—to peruse it by instalments, surreptitiously and affrightedly, at a book-stall.

I will admit the reasonableness of those—and they include some of the greatest minds—who, so long as they have a book at all, don't care for the edition. Such are readers, but scarcely book-lovers. There are, moreover, book-lovers who are not readers; collectors who, with Sir Benjamin Backbite, love "a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin." Coxcomb though he be, Sir Benjamin is justified in his preferences. In

fact the argument is reasonable enough that, so long as you have in a fairly convenient shape, and with clear and legible print, all that a man has written, you may well be content. Still beauty goes for much, and sentiment for something. The sense of possession even is in its way respectable. Who would not feel some enjoyment in reading, say, Herrick's "*Hesperides*" in an original edition which the poet's own eyes may have contemplated? At any rate I may own my strength or my weakness; I have all the first Miltons on which I have been able to lay my hands, and I would not willingly part with one of them. There they are, the first, second and third "*Paradise Lost*;" the 1673 "*Poems, Etc.*"—the second edition—I have not the first, which is beyond my reach; the first "*Paradise Regained*" and "*Samson Agonistes*." Of course, I do not habitually read in these precious volumes; for that I have Mr. Beeching's delightful reprint;¹ just as if I had a fine First Folio Shakespeare—which I have not—I should turn as now I do on my "whirligig" book-shelves to Booth's facsimile reprint, which is ever at my hand, and every whit as trustworthy as the original.

While prizing, for various reasons, a first edition of any work of extreme interest, beauty or value—and few of such are without some important readings excluded from subsequent texts; while admitting the claims of the best and most richly annotated edition; and while not being without a sort of tenderness for the superbly-illustrated editions—I come back to the cheap one-volume edition, and am willing to concede that it is, for some purposes, the best. Chief of all it is such for purpose of immediate reference, and next, for convenience of carriage. I have just, for instance,

¹ Oxford, Clarendon Press.

come into possession of a one-volume edition of Molière, issued from the Clarendon Press. It is a most legibly printed work, with the best and most authoritative of texts. Look at the advantage of such a book when, as Sir Peter Teazle says, "you want to find anything in a hurry." A long time is taken in going through a dozen volumes of Molière in search of, say, "*Don Juan ou le Festin de Pierre*," when to find it in the one-volume edition is the work of an instant. As regards the advantage of portability, let me suppose a man going on a journey and unable to burden himself with more than one book. The work in question can be slipped into handbag, knapsack, or even a tolerably large coat-pocket, and carried with very slight addition to weight, and the bearer is provided, if he knows French—as who now does not?—with a month's perpetual amusement or solace. Whether his holiday consists of a walking tour through Welsh hills, a trip by steamer and cariole to Norwegian fiords, or an exploration of the cataracts of the Nile, dull hours will certainly arrive—hours when the rain renders the earth sodden and the crag inaccessible, and when the best company, if such be accessible, palls—when the tobacco-pouch is haply empty and delight itself is scarcely delightful. For such an occasion the one-volume edition is a preservative—a stream in the desert which will not soon run dry.

I have spoken of Molière's works as an ideal companion for a journey. In so doing I am not awarding them an unjust preference over other works. A volume of Shakespeare contains naturally many times the amount of nutriment. But whereas we, all of us, are more or less familiar with the plots, characters and even the very language of Shakespeare, there are few of us who are equally well-read in Molière. I read recently that not more than a

score passages in Molière had become proverbially accepted, and of these one at least belongs to *Cyrano de Bergerac*. I wonder, however, how many of my readers could, without reference, tell me at once who was *Chrysale*, who *Béralde* and who *Eriphile*. To ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred, accordingly, most of Molière's plays would come with a freshness such as is not to be expected in the case of Shakespeare. All of them, moreover, bristle with observation, with wit and with satire, and there are some of them which are permeated by "the still and music of humanity." Anything but a mere jester is Molière. Few of us have had a keener experience of sorrow and suffering; and when the great actor and dramatist died all but on the stage, there is little doubt that rest came to a sufficiently "perturbed spirit." Great man as he is, however, Molière, like his prototype *Rabelais*, was more inclined to laugh and sneer at human infirmities than to feel the divine pity which is the attribute of the greatest men.

It repays the reader who is fond of such enjoyments to contrast the female characters of Shakespeare, with those of Molière. The task is at once pleasant and edifying, and I am sorry that I have not space to attempt it. I can only indicate where I should wish to prove. The charge that has been occasionally brought against Shakespeare is that some of his sweetest characters are less beings of flesh and blood than abstractions, types of all the virtues. Mind, I am myself bringing no such arraignment. It would, however, be difficult, I suppose, in the real world to find innocence such as is depicted in *Miranda*, meekness and long-suffering such as we find in *Desdemona*, or filial love such as is illustrated in *Cordelia*. *Beatrice*, on the other hand, and *Juliet* are essentially human, and Shakespeare has given us besides *Lady Macbeth*,

Gertrude and Cressida, and has been credited with showing us Tamora. Against Molière, on the other hand, it is now charged that his women are too real, too human—too nude, in fact. They are, of course, models of purity beside the abandoned creatures of our Restoration comedy. They are, nevertheless, delivered to the instincts of their sex, and are not of those whom a man of modern days could easily love or

would ever dream of marrying. They are, it has been said, "kneaded of caprice, artifice and egotism." I leave further illustration to another time, possibly to other pens; but I will just ask the admirer of Molière to compare for a moment the innocence of Agnès in "L'Ecole des Femmes" with that of Miranda in "The Tempest." There is all the distance between the earth and heaven.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Sylvanus Urban.

AT THE RIVER'S EDGE.

O Sweet! when we come to the distant days,
 When the fancies fall like the falling flowers,
 And the meads of music are soundless ways,
 And the wells of wishing have lost their powers;
 O Sweet! when the days and the ways are thus,
 Shall we stand and tremble on Time's thin ledge,
 Forgetting the fields of the years behind,
 With our souls so dull and our loves so blind,
 That we shall not see what is left for us
 In the shadowy dusk at the River's edge?

We hear them sigh of the pains of age,
 The blight of beauty, the blood grown cold;
 We see the sorrows of saint and sage
 When the psalm is sung and the wisdom told.
 Did they love so little and fear so much
 That the birds in their breasts forbore to fledge?
 Did they find no flowers in the paths they trod
 To warm their hearts to the old-world sod,
 To bloom again at a dear hand's touch
 In the shadowy dusk at the River's edge?

We have made fair plans for the days to come—
 We have made enough for a thousand years—
 Oh! some for wonderful work and some
 For beautiful rest—but none for tears.
 Have we sinned in this? Are our hopes all vain?
 Will our joy turn bare as the May-clad hedge?
 If it be that the cup of our peace must spill,
 Will the Hand that empties it not refill?
 Of all our treasures may none remain
 In the shadowy dusk at the River's edge?

To-day love's meadows are laved in light,
But we know they slope to a far-off stream.
Let us pluck the pleasures of life aright,
And garner them all for a future dream—
For the last late dream of our dreams come true,
At the last late proof of our proven pledge;
When the sun that showed us our joy is gone,
O Sweet! may the birds in our breasts sing on,
And the blooms revive with our memories' dew,
In the shadowy dusk at the River's edge.

Chambers's Journal.

J. J. Bell.

THE WORLD IN THE CHINA SHOP.

It is not the strong States that are dangerous to the peace of the world, but the weak ones, such as Spain, Turkey and China. They who had watched the prolonged failure of Spain to subdue the rebellion in Cuba realized, long before the United States declared war, that the most ancient colonial empire in the world was destined to pass to another master. The fears aroused by the intervention of the United States were due, not to doubt as to the issue of the struggle but to speculations as to whether some European Power, Germany for instance, would not appear to dispute with the victor the prize. Similarly the Turkish Empire has been for half a century a menace to the peace of Europe, for the claimants of the sick man's heritage were many. Now China has suddenly collapsed into the position of the world's invalid, and is likely to prove a more dangerous and troublesome charge than ever was the Sultan of Turkey. Not that we share the alarmist view of the Chinese question that prevails in certain quarters. The very magnitude and complexity of the difficulty that has burst upon the Western world must prevent anything like a permanent settlement or even an attempt at it, for the present. To put

an apparently contradictory proposition, the safety of the world lies in its danger. What differentiates the present Chinese crisis from its predecessors, and from similar crises in Eastern Europe, is that all the great Western Powers, including the United States and Japan, have acquired certain definite rights and interests, and consequently obligations in the Celestial Empire. But the Great Powers and Japan are not going to fight with one another over the business, for the plain and simple reason that no Power is at present prepared to take the consequences that would flow from isolated and armed action. Those consequences would not merely be war against one or more of the other Powers, but in the event of victory the administration of a large portion of the interior of China. Is there any of the interested Powers that is prepared to embark upon a policy whose failure or success would be almost equally disastrous. Is any Power ready to risk a war for the privilege of governing even a slice of China? Certainly not Russia; certainly not Japan; while the absurdity of any of the Western Powers undertaking to administer the interior of China is too obvious for argument. For the treaty

ports, the cities on the coast, the capital, that is another matter to which we shall return; but the internal government of China! The area of the Chinese Empire is computed to cover one-twelfth of the surface of the globe; it is a fourth larger than the area of the United States, and its population, which is roughly put at 350,000,000, works out at 83 persons to the square mile while France has 48 persons to the square mile and the United States 17. The leviathan tumbles about his unwieldy bulk in the ocean, and whilst "he lies floating many a rood," no one is willing to throw the first harpoon, because no one is ready to take the charge, still less the partition, of his carcase. But if no sane man dreams of governing by foreign officials, whether European or Japanese, this enormous territory, packed with the products of an arrested civilization, will no good come out of the present crisis? Will the Boxers be put down as the Taipings were put down, and things resume their former course for another half-century? We believe that good will issue from the present state of things, much good, deplorable though the loss of life and property might be in the meantime. The Powers of the world have gone too far to turn back from their task; they have set their hands to the plough, but the furrow will not be as long and as deep as some people with a defective imagination seem to suppose. The allied Powers, as they are called, though of course there is no bond but that of common interests between them, are *de facto* at war with China—the Chinese forts fired upon their ships—and China will have to submit to their terms. Those terms, if we mistake not, will take the shape of regularizing the control of the Powers over the central Government at Peking, and over the administration of the rivers and the coast.

The last time that China gave seri-

ous trouble to Europe was in 1856. The notices of the life of the late Lord Loch in various newspapers have recalled to the memory of the present generation the stirring events in China between 1856 and 1860, culminating in Lord Elgin's second mission, the advance of the French and English troops upon Peking, and the burning of the Summer Palace. We hope there will be no such painful incident to-day as the capture and imprisonment of Loch and Parkes with their gallant little force. But there might be; we must steel our nerves against the receipt of unpleasant news at any moment, and from any part of the Chinese Empire. As in 1860 France and England forced China to accept the presence of their ambassadors at Peking, so in 1900 the allied Powers, with greater force to back their demands, and with far wider and more definite interests to protect, will compel "the insolent barbarian" to swallow a much larger dose of international control. They must indeed do so for their own protection, for all are agreed that the risk of a repetition of the present outbreak would be intolerable. To give, even roughly, the details of any scheme of international control would be a futile and presumptuous attempt. The scheme will probably occupy the attention of all the Powers for some months to come, and will tax to the utmost the patience and ingenuity of their most experienced diplomatists. It may, however, be assumed, without any pretensions to a revelation, that the Dowager Empress will disappear as a factor in Chinese politics, and that a fairly large composite force will be stationed for some time in and around Peking and at the mouth of the river. It may be argued that any system of joint international control is doomed to failure, that a condominium never works, as the case of England and France in Egypt proves. We agree that a dual control

is dangerous, for one or the other Power must, in the long run, be master. But there are cases when there is safety in a multiplicity of counsellors, and we think China is one of them. There are not the same objections to a quintuple as to a dual control, for amongst six Great Powers like Great Britain, Russia, Japan, France, Germany and the United States, to say nothing of subsidiary interests, such as those of Italy and Austria, there will be a public opinion which cannot but act as a restraint upon the unscrupulous or unruly member. One cause of apprehension at all events has been removed. By the correctness and moderation of her attitude Japan has proved her right to be admitted to the councils and the confidence of the Western Powers.

The points which we wish to emphasize in our view of the situation are these: that there cannot be from the nature of the circumstances, any radical and permanent settlement of the Chinese question at the present time; that the Powers must proceed tentatively and by small steps; and that, therefore, the politics of Peking will, for the immediate future, take the place of the Eastern Question in Europe as a source of interest and anxiety. There will, of course, be intrigues and rumors

The Saturday Review.

of war, but—and this is the second point we wish to make—we do not see any danger of a near rupture between any of the Powers concerned. This latter judgment is based upon the hypothesis that an enlightened sense of self-interest is applied by all the powers to the problem before them. We think the hypothesis is warranted, because we do not remember a time when the policy of the European Powers was guided with a greater amount of common sense. The German Emperor is, in our eyes, one of the wisest and safest statesmen in Europe. Contrary to the opinion of many, we believe in the pacific principles of the Tsar of Russia, and in his power to enforce his views upon his ministers. Even if we are credulous on this point, those ministers are far too shrewd to assume the burthen at present of administering even the northern part of China. With regard to France, we are bound to say that M. Delcassé has steered the foreign policy of his country in trying times, and under some provocation, with great tact and self-restraint. Japan is on her good behavior and will not disobey the other Powers, while the United States are certainly not going to fight for or with anybody.

THE TWO KINDS OF CRITICISM.

An American writer in the columns of the *Chicago Dial* has lately put in a plea for the revival of the good old slashing literary criticism, for the use of the cudgel and the bludgeon which Macaulay wielded against Croker and Robert Montgomery. We are living, he says, in an age of soothing-syrup, when fourth-rate works are "boomed" into temporary notoriety, and when no-

body dare say what he really thinks about the book of a writer whom, perhaps, he will meet at the club. We need a healthy revival, this writer contends, of the old and harder school of criticism, which shall put the public on its guard against inferior works, and especially against pretentious works, which now secure an extensive sale before their real character is

known. And now some enterprising person has enforced this advice by reprinting Dr. Johnson's "Short Strictures on the Plays of Shakespeare," originally published in 1765, in which the Great Cham of literature, in his sturdy English way, did not hesitate to say in a few brief, sinewy phrases what he thought of Shakespeare, not hesitating to blend condemnation with eulogy whenever he thought the occasion required it. Some of these judgments are amusing. Dr. Johnson thought, *e.g.*, in common with newer Shakespearean lights, that "Love's Labor Lost" is characteristic of Shakespeare, and yet that there are vulgar passages in it which ought never to have been told to a maiden lady like Queen Elizabeth. He finds that the "Winter's Tale" is full of "absurdities" (we suppose the allusion is to the Bohemian coast), but yet "very entertaining;" that "Two Gentlemen of Verona" exhibits "a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence;" that "All's Well that Ends Well" is not "produced by any deep knowledge of human nature;" that "Richard III" contains "some parts that are trifling, others shocking and some improbable;" that Cordelia's death is contrary to the natural ideas of justice; and that "Julius Cæsar" is "somewhat cold and unaffecting." In a word, Shakespeare is handled by Johnson with as little ceremony as he treated Goldsmith to in a conversation with Boswell.

Johnson acted consistently all his life through on his own immortal maxim, "Clear your mind of cant." Prejudiced and narrow he was, nor was he, in our sense of the term, highly cultivated. His judgment was constantly at fault, he attributed to third-rate authors of his time merits that no mortal being can perceive in them, while he was blind to the glories of "Lycidas." But no man ever lived who worshipped so sincerely at the shrine of truth; and if there were

elements in Shakespeare or Milton that he thought bad, he would say so even were all the world in arms against him. The transcendent value of sincere individual judgment was to him the most important fact in the world. True, he looked askance in religion and politics on the right of private judgment, and the *securus judicat orbis terrarum* which rang in the ears of Newman affected Johnson to an unusual degree. But when he could fling off the weight of established institutions and make free incursions into the Republic of Literature, Johnson was no man's slave; his judgments were independent, his love of truth dominated his whole being. He trembled before George III, he thought it a transcendent honor "to dine with the canons of Christ-church;" but when it came to pronouncing a literary judgment, this hide-bound old Tory stood upon his feet and became a man. No writer in England since his time, save Macaulay, has so effectively played the part of an honest and determined censor of everything which he conceived to be weak or worthless. He was the great "hanging Judge" of our literary Tribunal.

The criticism of our own time has adopted a quite opposite note, derived, we think, largely from Sainte-Beuve, who profoundly influenced the first of our contemporary critics, Matthew Arnold. It was the principle of Sainte-Beuve, as it is generally of modern French criticism, to discover positive merit and definite formative ideas rather than to denounce or condemn. This is, of course, the criticism of fine intelligence, like that of Goethe, which has no moral partizanship, no partial view, but which approaches its theme, partly as a problem to be solved, partly as the expression of an idea to be sympathetically understood. Johnson and his school have their point of view, to which the writer under consideration must be assimilated, to whose leading maxims he

must subscribe, whose leading conventions he must accept. Sainte-Beuve has no point of view save that of a lover of good art and a mind hospitable to ideas. It would be too much to say that truth was the goddess of the one school, beauty of the other; but it is not untrue to say that any high aesthetic could scarcely be looked for from one who styled the Greeks of Homer's day "mere barbarians," nor is it unfair to say that the many-colored aspect of modern life has turned the eyes of many of our contemporary critics from simple principles to a highly complex state of moral bewilderment. We are now soft and pliable. There seems so much to be said for any point of view. Even science is monthly revising some of its most cherished dogmas, the mathematicians are beginning to doubt some of their accepted maxims, Herr Nietzsche tells us we must have a complete moral revaluation. When in such bewilderment how can we afford to treat any new writer with scorn? Perchance we may have the secret, and so we put aside our lingering doubts and find out what can be genuinely said for him. Life is so puzzling, the mind has so many facets.

We are all living, not under the sway of positive convictions, but under the reign of analysis, in an atmosphere saturated by the critical spirit. Johnson firmly believed in the spiritual efficacy of those hot cross buns, un milked and unsweetened tea, and the pew in St. Clement-Danes on Good Friday. As Carlyle said, he "*worshipped* in the era of Voltaire." We neither find now the intense narrow conviction of Johnson nor the confident and sneering persiflage

The Spectator.

of Voltaire. We have no mind for either. We are too conscious of intellectual and moral cross-currents for the one, too burdened with the weight and mystery of the world for the other. We are in a mood to taste everything, and, like the Athenians of old, we are ever calling for something new. Our impressionism in art has extended itself to the whole of life, and as we have no leisure for very deep and prolonged study, we are glad to fall back on any new, or apparently new, experience of life. "What have you to say?" we ask each new writer, and we please ourselves for the hour with his reply. This, to be sure, is not the true attitude of the great school to which we have referred, but it is the attitude of what Arnold would have called its "lighter self;" and it is substantially the literary criticism of the moment. Probably each school has its uses as it has its defects. Johnsonian criticism hardened into the "This will never do" of the Edinburgh Review greeting to the "Lyrical Ballads." French criticism has degenerated into the sloppiest phrase-mongering which the world has ever known. But the excess of either has never, we think, prevented a good book from being known, or made of a bad writer much more than a nine days' wonder. The intellectual world rights itself after the see-saw of literary fashions. We are inclined to agree with the writer in the Dial that, after all this syrup, some wholesome physic would not now be amiss. But happily the progress of the critical spirit, spite of vagaries, is such that no undue lowering of the patient's constitution need be seriously apprehended.

ON CIVIL MODES OF ADDRESS.

Sir is a noun substantive, masculine and applicable, in the vocative case, to a whole sex. The first meaning of *elder*, which in the Latin belonged to the word (corrupted at a remote period in the mouths of the Gaulish provincials, and brought still curtailed out of France into England), is almost obliterated under its modern connotations. It is now and has long been a title, personal or heritable, attached to the Christian names of some fortunate subjects who are not yet, alas! a majority of the nation. But besides, it is (or may be) used to address all and sundry in one of these two principal senses:—

Man whom I honor, knowing who you are;

Man whom I honor, *not* knowing who you are.

The plural of this word is, in the same case, *Sirs*. It is true this is denied as well by some grammarians as by many unlearned persons. They will have it this monosyllable is anomalous, and makes, *pluraliter*, *Gentlemen*. They adduce a vast number of examples out of the best authors for this use, and are never tired of throwing ridicule upon the other as a Scotticism. For my part I should have no trouble, if space were given me, in rebutting an allegation that must, I confess, be damning if it were proved; but what I would insist on here is that, whatever the authority for this *gentlemen*, the perversity of the practice is obvious enough to have warranted the breach of a far more uniform tradition. Public speaking made it; indeed, as a manner of addressing several people at once, the word is seldom heard but in drill-halls, music-halls, assembly-rooms, pump-rooms, lecture-rooms and other

places where crowds are harangued with a ceremony rarely used towards the units which compose them.

Now the reason why *gentlemen* cannot be the plural of *Sir* is not only that the former word is more restricted in its application than the latter (for, I repeat, every one in breeches is *Sir*, but, define the other as you will, it wants something more to be that), but *gentlemen* is not a title of address at all. It is a qualification; it asserts a number of facts concerning a number of persons of whom it is improbable, normally, that the speaker should have so much knowledge; but, if he had, the word should not stand first in a sentence as a call, summons, greeting or ejaculation. *My Lords* likewise implies a fact and is of yet more restricted application; but it is an appellation, not a qualification; and, so far, it would be more proper to hail the whole world *My Lords* (as, indeed, several nations do) than *Gentlemen*.

When you look into this matter you will be apt to suppose the explanation why *gentlemen* came to be made the plural of *Sir* is that it seemed to square with *ladies*, by which word we address the other sex collectively. Why *Madam* should not take on a simple *s* in our language I cannot imagine. But so it is; and we have been forced to press into this service a word which (having lost its ancient sense of *bread-keepers*) was already distracted by a double use; for it was both a prefix, or title of dignity, and a qualification. So, from the circumstance that for the plural of *Madam* we had adopted a word correlative in one of its uses with *gentlemen*, this latter attribute came to supply a want appropriately provided for by the regular plural *Sirs*.

As *Sir* is any one in breeches, so *Madam* is any one in petticoats. Until the end of the eighteenth century the word was fully pronounced even in casual colloquy; then it became the general practice to say *Ma'am*, and that prevailed I know not how long. But at present it is certain *Ma'am* is seldom heard, except at Court; elsewhere few persons who are civil enough to address a woman (not being their superior) by any title at all say *Madam*—an archaism whereby they show that this civility is something utterly artificial in them. Drapers, indeed, have a pronunciation of their own; they say *Modam*, and write *Madame*. The English, unlike most other languages, makes no difference in addressing women between the *feme sole* and the *feme coverte*. They are all equally *Ma'am*, at least in theory; but, for some reason, it struck every one suddenly as an absurdity that a girl should be called like a matron, and therefore, this last fifty years, the practice has been with people of condition to call her nothing at all.

But, however, the fact is (and this is where I have been coming all along) that all civil modes of address are becoming rarer and rarer in this country. It is a thing to be deplored, but a thing quite incontestable. A ceremonious vocative is, perhaps, a very little part of politeness, but it is by far the easiest and most evident of any. It is interesting to consider when and why it decayed. If novels were a safe reflexion of manners, I should say that in Thackeray's time every man among equals of a certain refinement was *Sir*, and every woman *Ma'am*. In Thackeray's? why, even in Mr. Meredith's middle age it should have been so. But these novelists archaize a little by dramatic sympathy, and it is almost a matter of style with them to embellish the manners of their contemporaries. Nevertheless, it is certain the rusticity which withholds these formulas is very mod-

ern. As for the reason why they are withheld, the definition I gave above suggests it. For when I say *Sir* to a man, I mean simply to be civil to him, either because I know who he is, or because I do *not* know who he is. It is, therefore, a title implying distance between the speaker and the person addressed; and the distance may spring from the veneration in which the speaker holds, or affects to hold him, because of his years, his eminence or his dignity; from a particular subordination (as a servant's to his employer, a school-boy's to his master, a soldier's to his officer, and the like); or else from the mere circumstance that a stranger or a casual acquaintance is the person spoken to, not an intimate. In this last implication, it is a buffer that saves you from indiscriminate familiarity, exacts just what respect it pays, and puts the two parties in their place; and it is on this account that *Sir* was, a hundred years ago, a useful word in the mouths of women; it is a protection they disdain to-day. Now of these three manners of using the word *Sir* (or *Ma'am*, it is all one), two are become discredited, principally because the third is the most notorious; because the notion of subordination drove out the notions of proper respect and cautious courtesy; and confounded civility with servility. It became offensive to a great many people, who were by no means levellers, to address their equals by a syllable which they exacted jealously from their inferiors. Besides, that Plain Man, at whom not so far back I tilted (and shall presently have at him again), in his rage against all symbols and ceremonies and his zeal for simplifying life, was ready at once to tell the world that *true politeness* does not consist in a form of words, but is only in the *heart*. And, lastly, our travelling Englishmen, some eighty years ago, having earned abroad a reputation for surliness and summary manners, made

the thing a matter of pride, and attached incivility along with impassivity to our national character, then forming.

These are the principal reasons, as it

The Speaker.

O. P.

THE SOUL'S SURRENDER.

If Thou wilt take my heart, O God,
And mould it to Thy will,
Then through the stormy scenes of life
I shall be calm and still.

It is not great things Thou dost ask
Of Thy disciples, Lord,
But what of good they each can do
By helpful deed or word.

While some bear on the battlefield
The standard of the Cross,
Some are by humbler offices
Refined of earthly dross.

The grape is trodden in the press
To yield the quickening wine,
And souls by sorrow only, win
The brotherhood Divine.

There is no death save fear of death;
The soul that once is free
Shall find beyond the veil of Time
But larger liberty.

Then will I, Lord, await the end
With no unfillal dread,
And listen for Thy voice to call
The Living from the Dead.

G. Barnett Smith.

Good Words.

